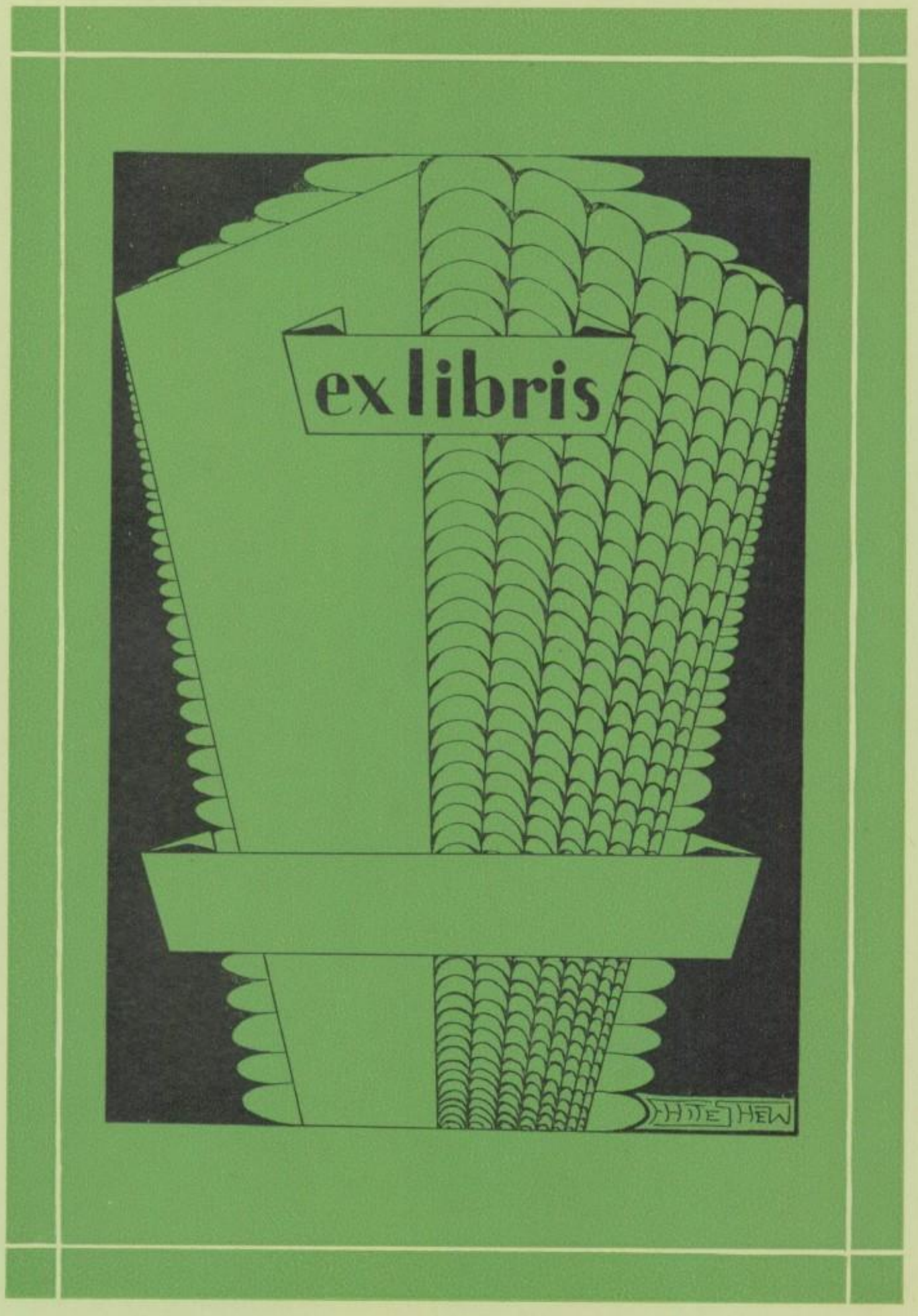
SEWICKLEY
1928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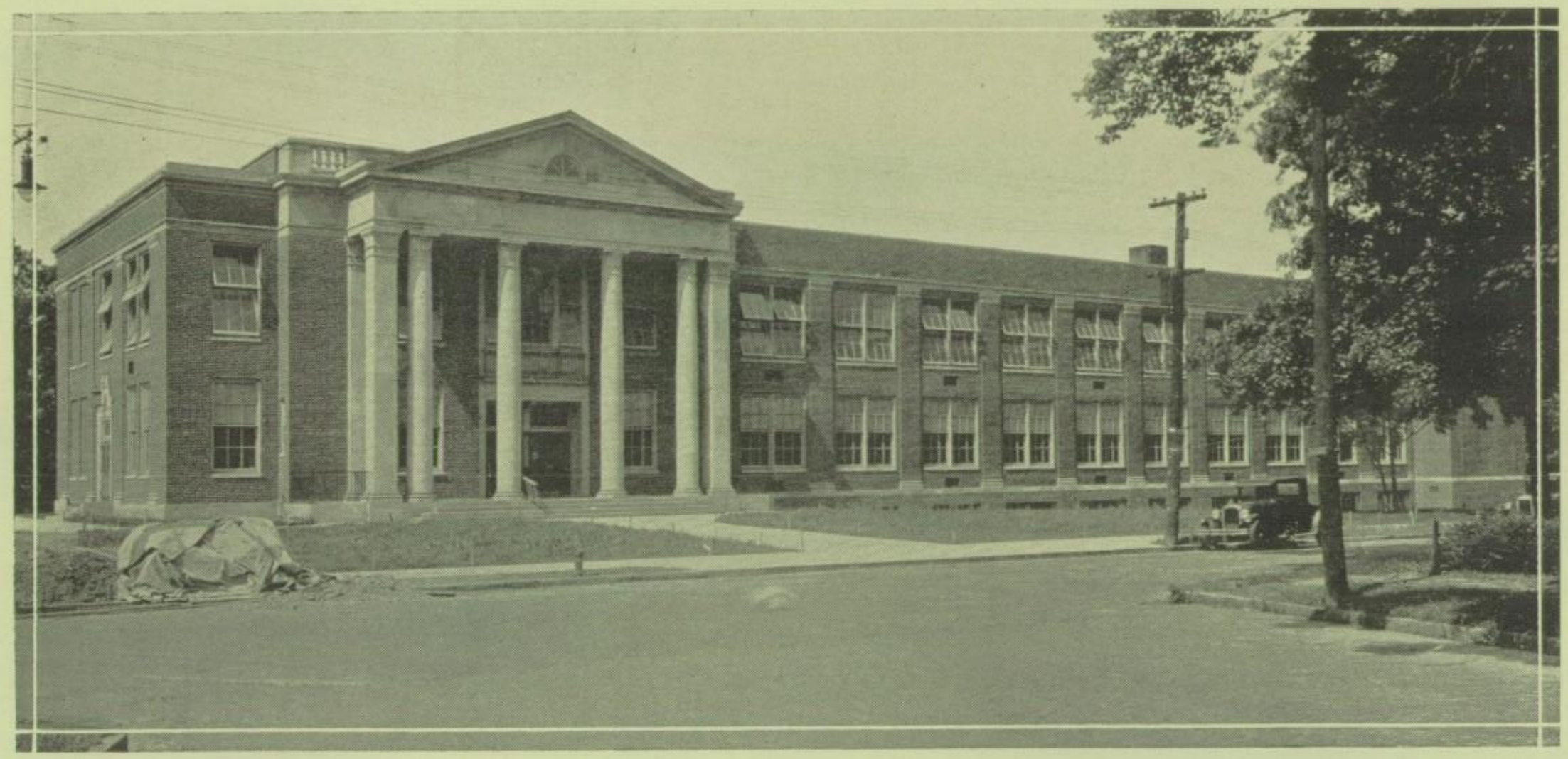


THE SEWIHI

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

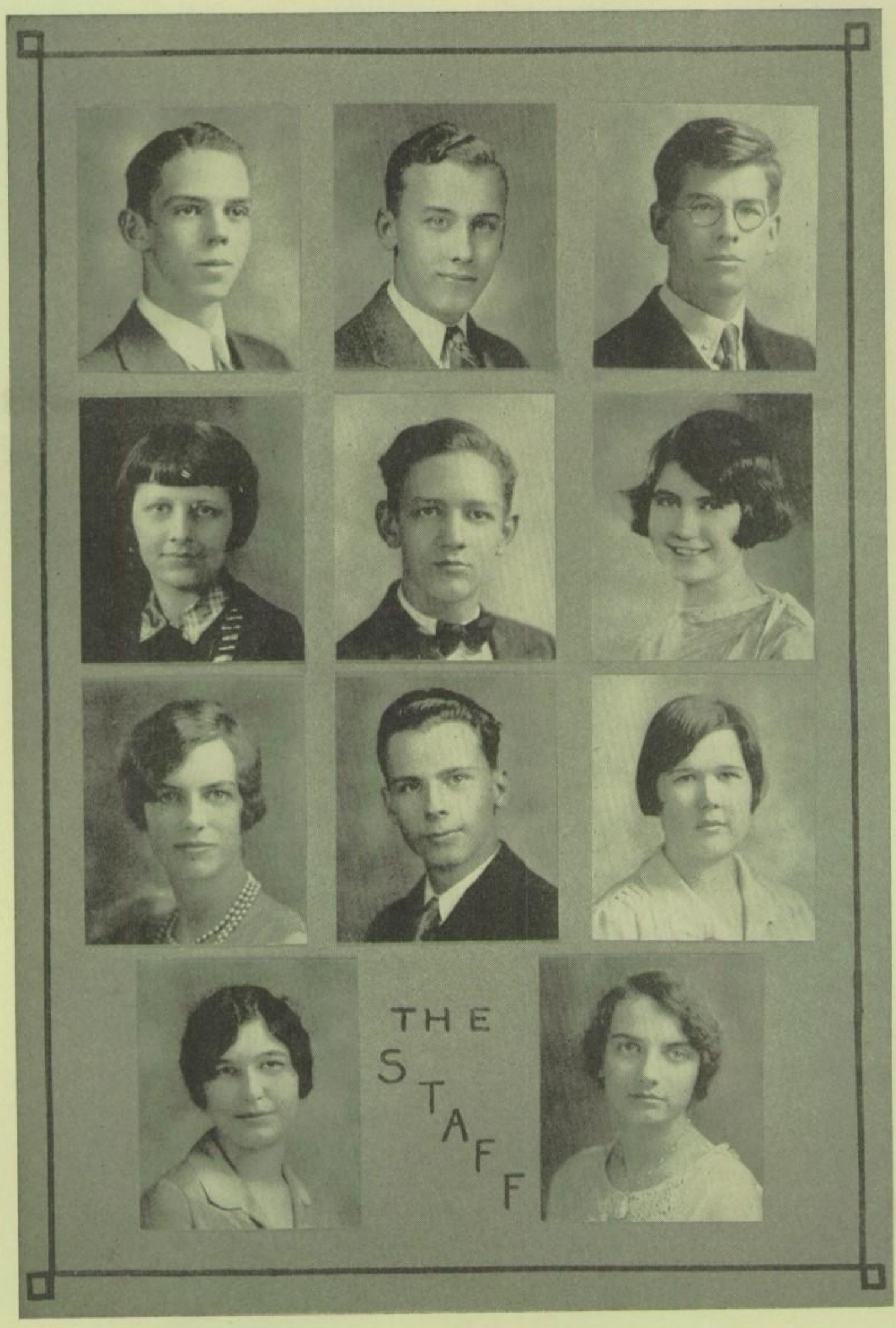
OF

SEWICKLEY HIGH SCHOOL

SEWICKLEY PENNSYLVANIA

VOLUME 7

1929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Stenographers

Rosalia Hammer

Mildred Smith

Margaret Magee

FOREWORD

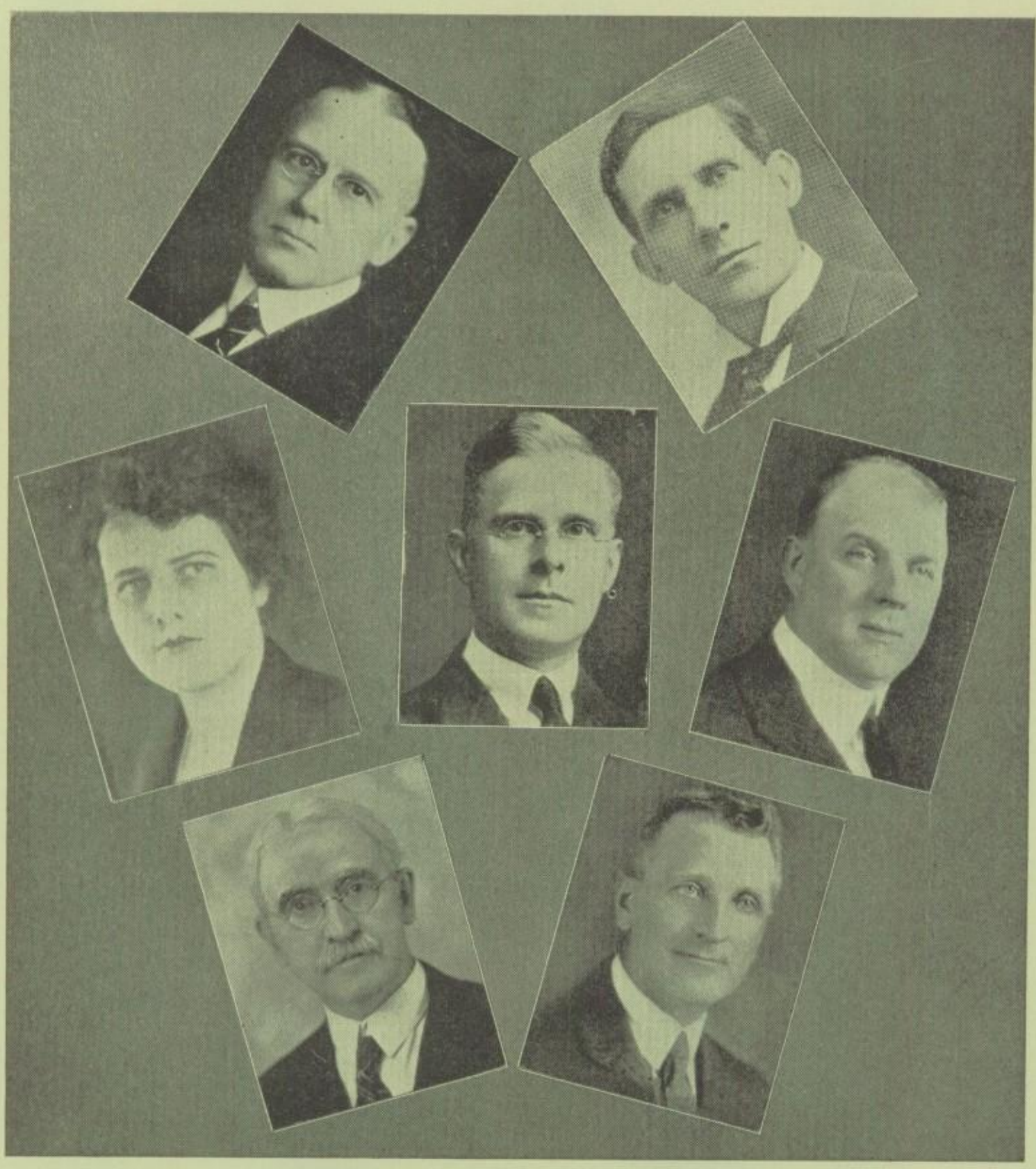
So history closes for this year !
Expel all doleful thoughts, and hear
What we can in your memory store
In stories of the days of yore,
History and pictures, too;
It ought to make a hit with you.

Of these pages then make a perusal
For here is Sewickley High's record, as usual.

2 thus produce a tear or smile
9 times our work would be worth while.

FINIS

W. H. '30.



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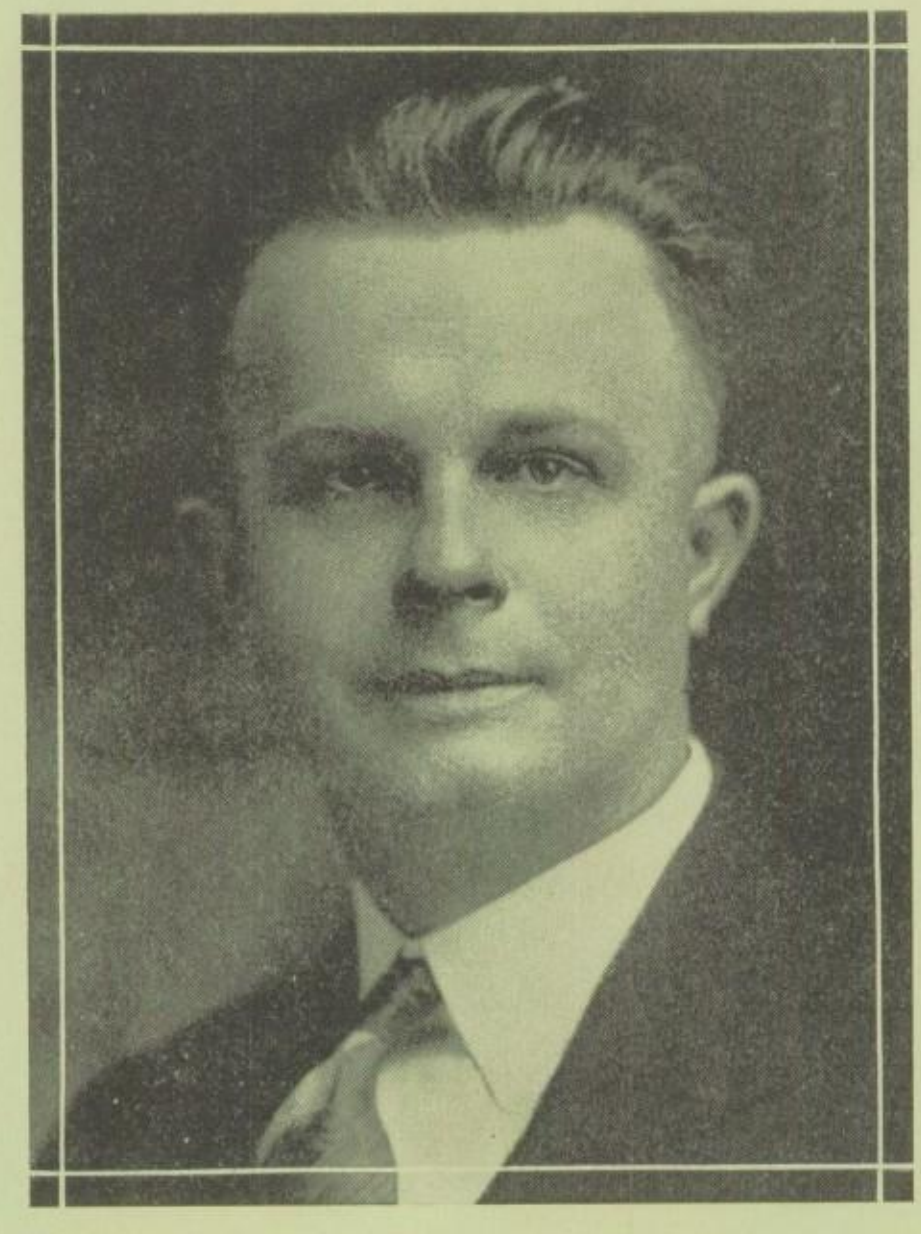
DEDICATION

The students of Sewickley High School dedicate this volume of the Sewihi to the Principal of the School, Mr. Thomas W. Hood. They wish to express their admiration and appreciation of Mr. Hood's frank sincerity and sympathetic ability, which have characterized his first year's activities as principal, and which have influenced the student's acceptance of his leadership.



LESTER H. CONWAY, Superintendent

The Faculty

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MRS. EGOLF	Social Science
MISS FICKINGER	Junior High English and Mathematics
MISS HUBBELL	Spanish
MISS HAY	Art
MR. IRONS	Science and Chemistry
MISS KERR	English
MISS KOEHLER	French
MISS MCKEE	Commercial
MISS MCGINNIS	Junior High History
MRS. PETERSON	Latin
MISS RUSH	Public Speaking
MISS SIMPSON	Junior High English and Mathematics
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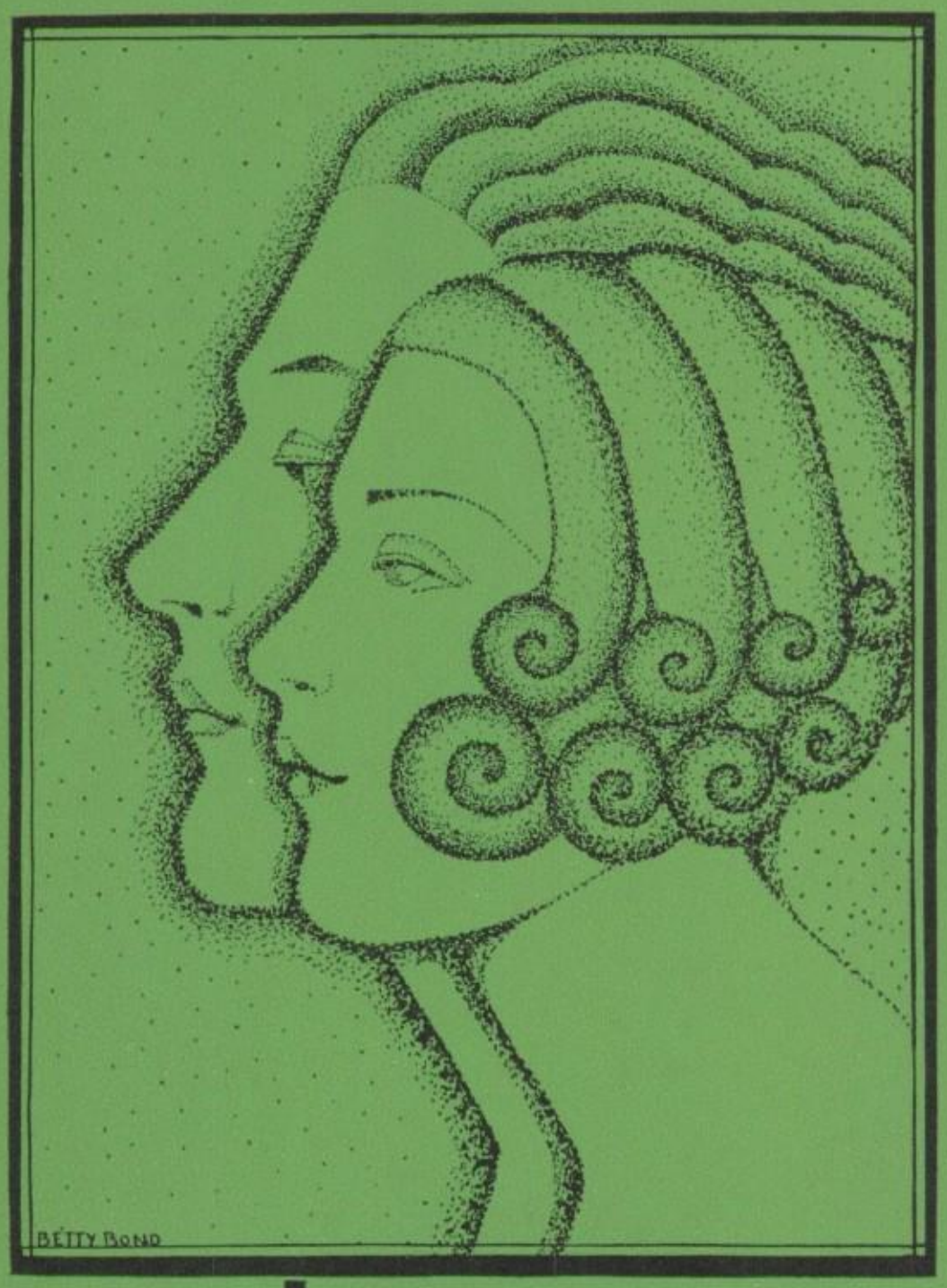
MISS E. STEWART	Junior High Music
MISS R. STEWART	Domestic Science
MR. THOME	Mathematics
MISS THOMAS	Commercial
MR. THOMPSON	Manual Arts
MISS TRUBY	Junior High Science
MISS WARD	Junior High Mathematics
MR. WINNE	Boys' Athletics

Faculty Autographs



classes

President

John McElwain

The Class of 1929

Vice President	- -	Charlotte Merz
Secretary	- - -	Louise Neely
Treasurer	- -	Marjorie Moorhead

MOTTO

"Find a Way or Make One."

COLORS

"Pink and Lavender"

FLOWER

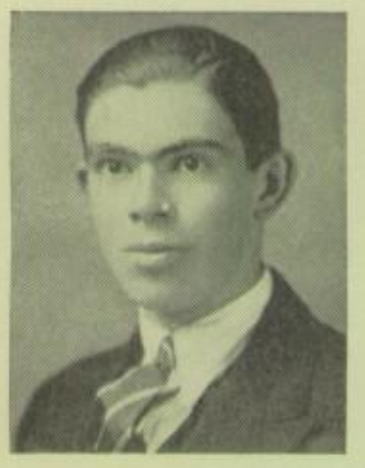
Tea Rose

Class Prophets	-	Franklin Hiteshew, Anthony Henrici, Robert Blackwell
Class History	-	Anthony Henrici, Sherman McPherson
Class Song	- -	Marjorie Moorhead, Jane Connelly
Class Donors	-	Alexander Nevin, Sherman McPherson

Louise Bentz

Betty Bishop

Robert Blackwell



William Boggs

LOUISE BENTZ

Bentzy is a pretty, jolly girl who fairly radiates friendliness and good-will. That is why she is such a popular member of the class, and why she is so beloved by those who know her. Louise excels in dancing and never lacks a partner. In fact, her mastery of the art is exceptional. We hope she will dance her way through life as happily as she has through school. Louise is dilligent in her studies, too.

BETTY BISHOP

Betty is easily identified in any crowd by her bored expression. Nevertheless she takes an active interest in all the social affairs of school life, where she is much sought after by those wishing a really ravishing dancer, as well as a good-looking partner. Her heart seems to have been lost outside of school. We expect to see Betty's name and picture all over the society columns before long.

ROBERT BLACKWELL

Robert is noted not only for his curly locks (like a Greek God's) but for his ability as well. Whether taking the part of the father in "The Goose Hangs High," playing a trumpet in the orchestra, or editing the Sewihi, his achievements have been remarkable. His heart is apparently still his own, but there is a warm place in it for the new Ford. Well, Bob, success to you in the aviation field, and may your days above this earth be long.

WILLIAM BOGGS

William is very tall, dark, and serious-looking. That is, he is serious-looking when his spontaneous smile is not being brought into play. He is really quite a silent fellow. One of that strong, manly, taciturn type which the girls adore. Perhaps they admire his strikingly dark eyes and hair, too. William is usually smiling or studying, both of which commendable traits add to his ability to make a worthy member of the Senior Class.

William Boyd

Marie Brush

Phoebe Campbell

Jane Connelly

WILLIAM BOYD

Another William—"but the fellows call him Bill." He is one of our very handsomest Seniors, you know. And of course he has lost his heart to a pretty Junior. Bill makes a good Latin student when he isn't smiling across the aisle. Among his other pleasures are football and tennis, sports in which he makes a valuable player. Bill also blows a trumpet! He is one of our happy-go-lucky members, who, for some reason or other, causes Mrs. Peterson a great deal of anxiety, but his cheerfulness makes for his personality.

MARIE BRUSH

Marie is a very, very quiet little lass—even when she laughs she really doesn't create any disturbance. She is quite petite and pretty, with light hair and blue eyes. Marie is also very dependable, always ready with her lessons. She is truly a shining-light in her Latin class. Her quiet ways do not detract from the pleasingness of her personality.

PHOEBE CAMPBELL

Phoebe's activities have been mostly outside of school, but you may be sure she has kept very busy. She is a model student and has been a great help to the slow ones in all her classes by reason of her helpful criticism. The latest rumors are that a certain Junior is making Phoebe's heart do tricks, but it is not at all surprising. Well, Phoebe, continue your pleasant ways and we are sure you will find a place in the hearts of others just as in ours.

JANE CONNELLY

The little space in this book isn't half enough room to write about Jane. She is Social Chairman, President of Girl Reserves, a member of the tennis team, and a million other things beside being our most popular girl as she was voted in her Junior year. Jane has participated in many of our school plays, taking the part of the leading lady in "The Goose Hangs High."

Ernest Cook

Stanley Cook

Al Czillinger

Frank Czillinger

ERNEST COOK

Ernie is a little fellow with a sunny disposition. One of his chief faults is a tendency to talk in study-hall, but at least he has the commendable ability of obtaining listeners. Ernest is earnest when it comes to studies. He seems to enjoy performing experiments in Chemistry. Perhaps it is a good thing to have such a name to live up to. Is it, Ernest? At any rate, the bearer of this name makes a pleasing member of the class.

STANLEY COOK

"Jickles" is our athletic star. In football, basketball, and baseball he is most prominent. He was captain of the 1927-1928 team when it was the champion of Section 2 of the W. P. I. A. L. Jickles is one of the most popular fellows because he is always so happy-go-lucky. You can always find him at any social. for he is quite a good dancer, too.

AL CZILLINGER

Al always seems to have time for the ladies—a new face, a new fancy—it seems. If not on a date he is surely to be found at the "Y." Al has been quite an active member in football; if not actually playing, he was managing. He has certainly been a help to our teams.

FRANK CZILLINGER

Frank is known throughout the High for his wit. What would we do without him in Law class? Frank was helpful to our team this year as an End. Though small, he certainly was a drawback to our opponents. He was one of the stars on the well-known Acmy team.

Jane Doughty

Helen Emmert

Dorothy Famous

William Gray

JANE DOUGHTY

Jane is a most attractive person, one of her chief characteristics being a generous friendliness. She is a very comfortable sort of person to have around, because her smiles are frequent and impartial. Her tongue is exceedingly active in a pleasant, jolly way. Jane's reading ability, as demonstrated in chapel on several occasions, is very praise-worthy.

HELEN EMMERT

Helen likes the boys, and the boys seem to like her, so all goes famously. Helen has a charming personality, which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the Senior personnel. One of her charms is her low well-modulated voice. Helen hasn't yielded to the popular fad of "letting the hair grow," but she probably knows how her pretty, short hair becomes her.

DOROTHY FAMOUS

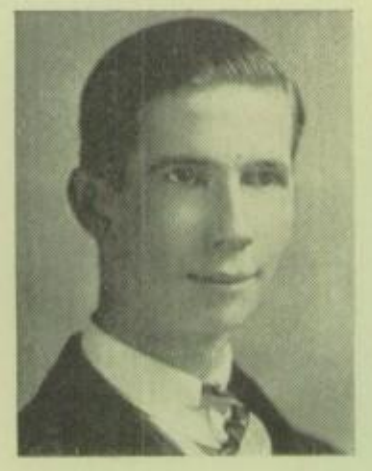
"Dot" is the smallest member of the Senior Class and one of the most active. She is a live reason why the Senior girls' basketball team won so many games. She has taken a big part in the Comet Club, and is Society Editor for the Sewihi. We don't know what "her man" would do without her.

WILLIAM GRAY

Another William,—another taciturn Senior! If it is true that the silent people are the wise ones, our class is truly blessed with wisdom. Bill Gray rarely talks (at least in school), but nevertheless he has shown that when he does condescend to give an opinion it is quite worth-while. It seems that his rather handsome profile has won some admirers among the girls of the class, and no doubt his deep bass voice adds to his attractions.

Mary Haley

Rosalia Hammer



Roy Hegner

Margaret Hennessy

MARY HALEY

Mary is one of the many bright members of the Senior class. Her marks are the delight of her teachers, and beneath her quiet manner lies a spirit of friendliness which in spite of her many friends has never been taxed to its limits. Mary has often entertained us in chapel with her piano playing, and who knows, perhaps her future lies in that direction.

ROSALIA HAMMER

Rosalia has always been known for her basketball ability. She was a star forward on the 1927-1928 team. Her speed in basketball is rivaled only by that on the typewriter, for "Rosie" is the envy of all typing students. "Rosie" has a long journey on the train every morning—all the way from Quaker Valley—but she is always on time.

ROY HEGNER

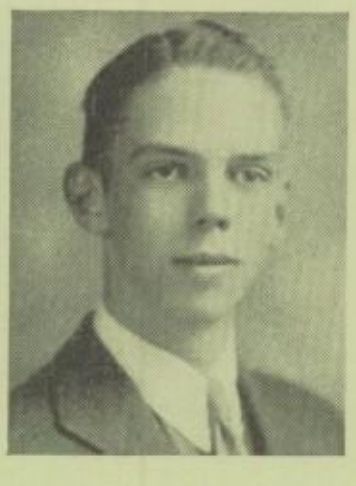
Roy has two chief pastimes, one is playing the "sax" and the other driving a Ford. His "sax" was very much in evidence when the band played at our football games. We rather think Roy would prefer being in the grades again instead of graduating—some attraction at the Grade School Building, we think.

MARGARET HENNESSY

Our school ought to be proud of Peg, both for her scholastic standing and her acting ability. There never was a peppier Granny, and if you saw "The Goose Hangs High," you'll know that's the truth. We heard somebody say there was a Grandpa too, but it's no wonder because she certainly is popular.

Anthony Henrici

Arthur Hite



Franklin Hiteshew

Dorothy Jetter

ANTHONY HENRICI

Anthony, the Sonny Boy of the Senior class, is distinguished by unruly hair, "book larnin" and a poetic temperament. The ease with which he masters his lessons makes him a constant joy to teachers, and his friendliness and good nature have endeared him to the student body. His activities are numerous, and his affairs of the heart more numerous still.

ARTHUR HITE

If you have ever wondered as to the identity of that handsome blonde on the gym team whose specialty is to juggle small boys, you will know it's "Art" Hite. Arthur seems not to take much of an interest in girls, but you never can tell about these women-haters. "Pirtle Drums It In" was his first starring vehicle. Arthur has also been a great help on the football team.

FRANKLIN HITESHEW

Frank is known for so many things that it would tax the capacity of Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelves to include them. Perhaps he will be best remembered for his wit and genial humor. One must not forget, however, his talent as an artist. Indeed, so excellent is his ability in that line, that it has won him notice in newspapers of this locality. We won't soon forget his ability in acting as displayed in "Crabbed Youth and Old Age" and in "The Goose Hangs High."

DOROTHY JETTER

Dorothy is a quiet girl who, nevertheless takes an active interest in school life. Dorothy made her bid for fame this year when she represented Sewickley in the oratorical contest. She studies a lot and never causes the teachers any annoyance by not knowing her lessons. She is generally seen in the company of Ella.

Olive Johnson

Glenn Kautz

George Kuipers

John Lutz

OLIVE JOHNSON

Olive is one of these rather quiet kind; at least she tries to act dignified as a senior ought to be. Latin is one of her hobbies, and the other is to run a race with the tardy buzzer. She is a member of our most successful Glee Club. Then, too, we must not forget to mention her "Lab" technic.

GLENN KAUTZ

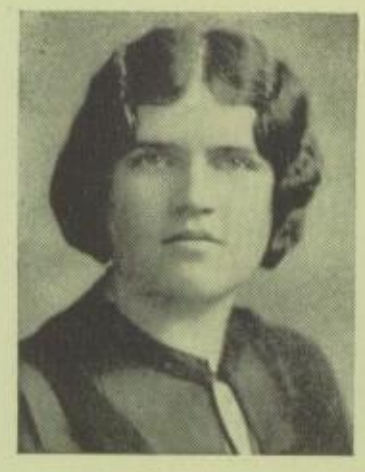
Have you ever seen one of Glenn's drawings? If you haven't, you have missed something. All these mechanical devices, aeroplanes, and so forth, are quite complicated. The girls were all running after him, when they found out he could make the cutest dogs out of pipe cleaners.

GEORGE KUIPERS

Everybody knows when George is around because there is always a lot of fun; he's so entertaining you know. He was the successful captain of our football team, and an active basketball player. But you ought to hear him play the fiddle, just like a regular Nero.

JOHN LUTZ

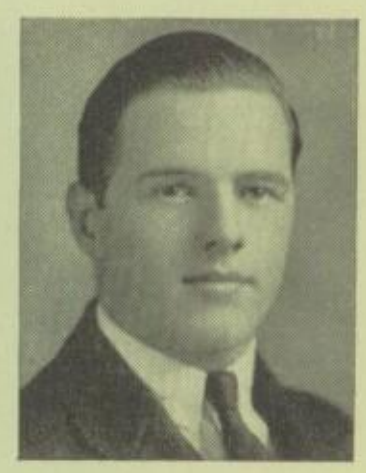
Have you ever gone to John to find out how to do a chemistry problem? If you haven't, you're the only one who never has. Lately he has been wearing a strange ring on his finger. We wonder whose it is? One can never keep track of the boys any more. They are always trying to be like William Haines.



Margaret Magee

Marie Maze

Mildred Maze



James McCracken

MARGARET MAGEE

Now Margaret also appears to be a quiet type, but they tell me when she is out of school there isn't a peppier girl. Oh these girls do fool us sometimes. She is an active member of the famous S. H. S. Comets, and she was also a senior basketball girl.

MARIE MAZE

We will always remember Marie as the twin that isn't Mildred. Who can keep them straight and who ever saw Marie that she wasn't all dressed up head to foot? Marie was always a little bit shy, but perhaps it pays to be like that for she always got good marks in all her work.

MILDRED MAZE

Meet the other half of the Maze twins. In case you can't tell one from the other, the wisest plan would be to get a teacher to help you. Teachers seem to be the only ones who can distinguish between them. Mildred is a happy sort of person who studies avidly and is usually able to answer those questions that everyone else misses.

JAMES McCRACKEN

Jim is our class's Beau Brummel. Look at his picture! Is there any wonder the girls fall for him? He is President of the Hi-Y, where the famous potato episode took place. Jim is one of our trumpeters in the orchestra where he often drowns out the others with his musical notes.

John McElwain

Sherman McPherson

Ross Mechlin

Charlotte Merz

JOHN McELWAIN

John is one of those engaging young fellows who make friends on sight He has served us in many different ways, among them, on the Student Council, as President of the Senior class, and in so many plays that we would run out of space just naming them. His curly, auburn hair early won him the nickname of "Skillets" for no reason at all, and we doubt if any boy in the class is more popular than he.

SHERMAN McPHERSON

Sherman rumbles from Edgeworth in a red car. He made even Jimmy Walker jealous in "The Goose Hangs High," with his mustache, spats, and diamonds. Too bad he didn't better the S. H. S. orchestra with his saxophone. Yes, he is a musician as well as an actor and a fine football player.

ROSS MECHLIN

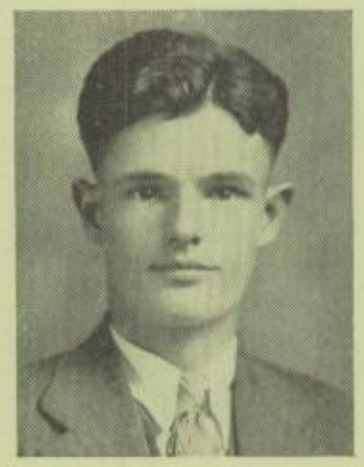
Ross is the boy who believes that a smile goes a long, long way. When you look into the orchestra pit, among the forest of violin bows, and see some rolling eyes and a John Gilbert smile it is sure to be Ross. Ross always manages to take a look into the typewriting room between classes. What's the attraction?

CHARLOTTE MERZ

Naughty but nice is our Charlotte; youngest but not least, for Charlotte is not only the brightest girl in our class but also one of the best liked. As President of our Junior class she did fine. Every Senior had to buy tickets, to whatever they were on sale for, because Charlotte always sold tickets.

Marjorie Moorhead

Louise Neely



Alexander Nevin

Mildred Ohlman

MARJORIE ANNE MOORHEAD

Knowing Peggy, one realizes why "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Her personality and good-sportsmanship make her one of the most attractive and outstanding members of the Senior class. Her versatility is shown by her active interest in all phases of school life.

LOUISE NEELY

Louise was the initiative and capable Chairman of the Graduation Committee, Vice President of the Girl Reserves, and a former member of the Student Council. And we mustn't forget her hobby, cooking and sewing. Oh those cakes and dresses that she makes! She drives a car and makes whoopee with a good looking Senior. Don't "B" like that. (I'll say he does.)

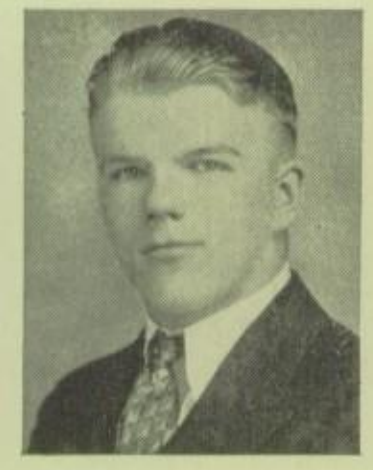
ALEXANDER NEVIN

"B" is noted for his raven locks, untamed by comb or brush, and his laugh, which can be compared to nothing human. He is a welcome addition to any group because of his piano-playing and good-natured wit. He is usually seen in the company of a fair Senior who apparently reciprocates his affection.

MILDRED OHLMAN

Mildred is one of those girls who find it hard to get to school on time. Not that she is ever late—she always manages to make a dignified entrance just a few seconds before the tardy bell. Mildred is a happy sort who is always ready to see fun in something. She is very fond of dancing and is much sought after as a partner at the Socials.

Betty Pollinger



James R. Reno

Virginia Richardson

John Rosenfeld

BETTY POLLINGER

Betty is another one who finds attraction amongst the Juniors. She is always cheerful and has shown herself an excellent Program Chairman for the Comet Club. Busy Betty found time to play on the Senior basketball team this year and did right by the Senior class. Betty likes Packards too, at least it looked that way, for she arrived at school de luxe many times.

JAMES R. RENO

James is one of those few who can be relied upon to carry out instructions. He has been right hand man to the Student Council in maintaining order in the halls, and most of us have Jimmy to thank for that last minute jogging-up that makes the difference between tardiness and being on time. The football team will lose a valuable linesman in James.

VIRGINIA RICHARDSON

Virginia is a tall, statuesque blonde with a happy disposition and a continual giggle. She won quite a bit of renown for her excellent basketball playing and for her fine characterization of the eldest son's fiancee in "The Goose Hangs High." Virginia is full of the old Nick.

JOHN ROSENFELD

John is better known as "Izzy" around the school. It took four years to prove to John that he who speaks last in the class room is sometimes out of luck. John has proven himself quite the athlete having been interested in both the football and the gym teams. Kuipers used to like to go riding with John, but he doesn't any more.

Anna Sickeler

Mildred Smith

Marie Steup

Ella Stewart

ANNA SICKELER

Anna is our musician. We could scarcely do without her piano accompaniments, especially as she performs them for the Senior orchestra. She is also the stand-by of the Girl Reserve meetings when it comes to music. No doubt she will make a great success in a musical career. Anna also shows exceptional ability in a scholastic way, receiving high marks in all her subjects. Her willingness to cooperate in all things makes her quite popular.

MILDRED SMITH

"Smittie," or "Big Smittie," as her friends call her to distinguish her from her younger sister, is usually present when a good time is pending. She is well-received, particularly because her excellent dancing is not the least of her attractions. It is rumored that "Smittie" is interested more or less in Fair Oaks.

MARIE STEUP

You will always find Marie near by if you happen to see Ethel. Who has said that all truly great friendships are between men? Yes, her initials are M. S. What else do those letters stand for, Marie? Marie is studious, but also gay, and she makes an enjoyable companion as many of her classmates know. Marie played forward and guard on the basketball team, exhibiting splendid ability.

ELLA STEWART

Ella is one of our petite misses. A little lass from Canada. They do say, you know, that Canada is noted for its beauties! Besides her prettiness, Ella possesses an indescribable, elusive quality, which attracts all with whom she comes in contact, and which makes for a rare personality.

Ethel Vinall

Nancy Walters

Martha Watson

Nancy Watson

ETHEL VINALL

Ethel is one of our jolliest girls. Her laughing is strangely contagious, and it accounts, in part, for her ability to attract friends. Ethel excels in her commercial studies, being one of the really excellent students of the class. She by no means ignores sports, the fact being that the Senior girls' basketball team relied chiefly on Ethel for several crucial weeks. And another of her interests is acting, in which art she has proved herself most adept.

NANCY WALTERS

Nancy's specialties are attracting the boys and driving a car. However, we fear she is not as proficient in the latter as the former—witness her parking. She endeared herself well taking the part of the mother in "Just Neighborly" and the snappy college girl in "The Goose Hangs High."

MARTHA WATSON

Although Martha is older than Nancy, the two really do look enough alike to be mistaken for twins. Martha has the sunny disposition so characteristic of the Watson family, which, along with her other charming traits have won her a great many friends among her classmates. Martha has never done anything spectacular, but it is the consistently good workers that succeed, so we expect a great deal of you, Martha.

NANCY WATSON

Nancy apparently likes Sewickley very well for she comes quite a distance to go to school here. She is very quiet but can always be depended upon to take an enthusiastic part in any undertaking. Nancy is a source of joy to the teachers, for she never causes any disturbances and always knows her lessons well. We hear that Nancy does not lack male companions either—how about it Nancy?

History of the Class of '29

DEFENSE:

If your honor please, Gentlemen of the Jury, this case is brought against the Senior Class of S. H. S. for the purpose of compelling them to sever their connection with the High School by graduation. I will endeavor on behalf of the Senior Class to tell why this should not take place.

For four long years this Class of 1929 has been leaders of all activities of S. H. S.

In 1925 they entered as Freshmen and immediately their spirit was noticeable. It first made itself heard through eight of its number joining the orchestra. During the four years this number has been increased to ten, who now constitute the volume of the Senior orchestra. These ten have been its life savers.

Next we hear of them through the weekly Oracle, our class having produced in '28 an editor-in-chief who has brought the Oracle to heights hitherto unknown.

This wonderful class has not only excelled in music and literature as above stated but has also furnished the artistic features of the Sewihi for the past four years. The Class of '29 has not only not been surpassed in music, literature, and art but has supplied good sound business managers for the Sewihi and other school activities under their supervision which is without parallel in the annals of S. H. S.

The Class of '29, however, has not confined activities entirely to more serious phases of school life. They have also become renowned in the field of athletics. The manager for football in '28 was a member, and under leadership of a captain of this class produced a football team that excelled all teams of recent years. It furnished three members of the basketball championship team of '28.

But time does not permit me to enumerate in detail the varied accomplishments of the several members of this class in drama, debates, social activities, such as our well known sleigh rides nor to relate the story of their most marvelous Junior Prom, nor to present for your admiration all their sage advice and extraordinary ability in the decisions on the weighty problems confronting Student Council such as proper punishment for chewing-gum addicts, and establishing the marathons around the football field for other more serious offenses.

I, therefore submit to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you should weigh carefully the matter of allowing such a distinguished class to pass from the walls of the S. H. S. Many years have gone by since the establishment of S. H. S. and in all those years S. H. S. has only produced one class of 1929 and I submit to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that when this class passes beyond the walls of S. H. S. there will be no other 1929 class to take its place. It may even endanger the morals of the teaching staff of the S. H. S. by taking from them so much pep in every line of activity at one time.

I, therefore ask you to weigh carefully the question submitted to you before making your decision.

Plaintiff's Speech on Page 94.

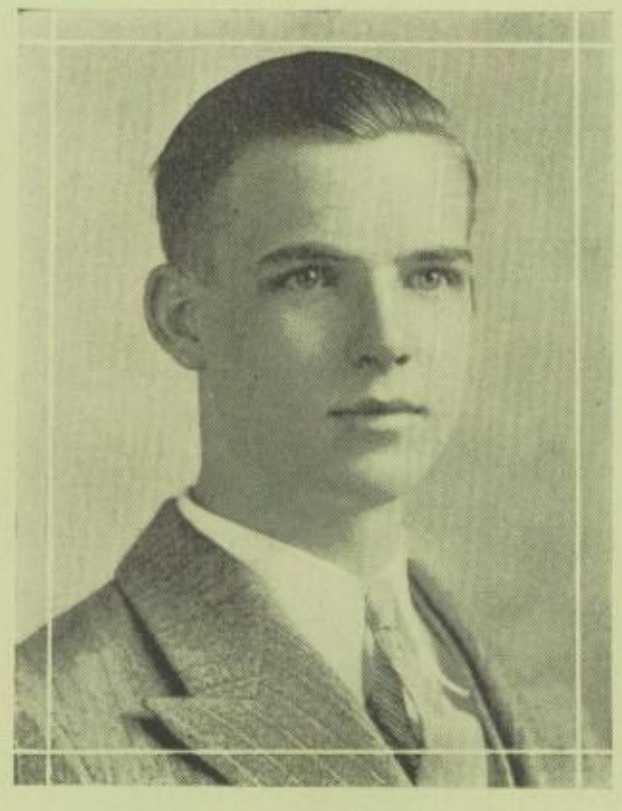
President

James Wilhelmy

Junior Class Roll

Alfred Anderson
Kenneth Anderson
Norman Anderson
Herman Beck
Frederick Belson
Leon Benzenhoefer
Edward Brennan
Palmer Chambers
Roy Clark
Frank R. Cook
John Curtiss
Lynwood Diggs
John Gibb
George Greene
Milton Hahn
William Hallam
Robert Hamilton
George Kirk
William Janosik
William Jarvis
William Lamont
Henry Luntz
George MacDonald
John McCann
Charles McConnell
John McCrea
Joseph McDonough
Bernard Meyer
Carl Musgrave
Vincent O'Bryan
Samuel Purdy
William Richardson
Walter Rye
Joseph Shannon
Jacob Weber
William Wharton
James Wilhelmy
Edwin Young

Grace Baumgartel
Ethel Boggs
Marguerite Boyd
Genevieve Brawley
Garnet Buck
Mary Callaghan
Margaret Campbell
Edna Clay
Ruth Crouse
Elizabeth Douglas
Florence Douglas
Garnett Douglas
Lilan Doughty
Florence Ford
Dorothy Gangloff
Kathryn Gregg
Thelma Hacker
Dorothy Helmer
Helen Holman
Wilma Hunter
Betty Keir
Bertha Knapp
Jane Kunkle
Florence Lang
Marian Lindberg
Mary Martin
Dorothy McCullough
Evelyn McLaughlin
Kathryn Meiser
Barbara Merrill
Rachel Merrill
Theresa Molinaro
Roma Miller
Mary Louise Mummey
Adelaide Murphy
Nancy Jean Myers
Esther Nardo
Eleanor Nash
Olive Newbury
Gillen Smith
Helen Stoffel
Elsie Woods
Marie Zeibel



President
John Haley

Sophomore Class Roll

David Adams
Paul Balles
Wently Beadnell
Parker Berg
Paul Critchlow
Frank Dolde
John Ellis
Alfred Flora
John Ford
Alexander Gray
Jack Haley
Jack Heffron
William Helmer
Edwin Johnson
William MacKeen
James Marks
Frank Maruca
Natale Maruca
William Mauro
Leo Meyer
Richard Morris
Atwell Moore
Allan Newbury
John O'Laughlin
Victor Rossi
Donald Slem
Arthur Sheates
Earl Smith
John Wallace
Robert Wright
George Weber
John Curry
Walter Nevin

Catherine Alexander
Betty Bond
Providence Bova
Dorothy Bridge
Ethel Brush
Helen Carroll
Erma Clay
Dorothy Concelman
Lydia Eckard
Mary Egler
Vivian Ford
Dorothy Geyser
Irene Greuey
Dorothy Greuey
Edith Hatton
Elizabeth Hegner
Helen Hegner
Evelyn Holman
Naomi Hunter
Alma Kohler
Grace Lewis
Marghretta Luty
Nancy McPherson
Hazel McMaster
Elizabeth Martin
Aileen Meiser
Jane Mitchell
Sarah Murdoch
Margaret Nash
Betty Patterson
Ferne Peterson
Marian Rand
Alice Roth
Sara Scott
Dorothea Savage
Regina Seibert
Velma Shay
Helen Sheates
Helene Smith
Dorothy Stevens
Betty Terry
Esther Trudell
Halois Walker
Virginia Walker
Mary Thorne White
Blanche White
Margaret Yeakel

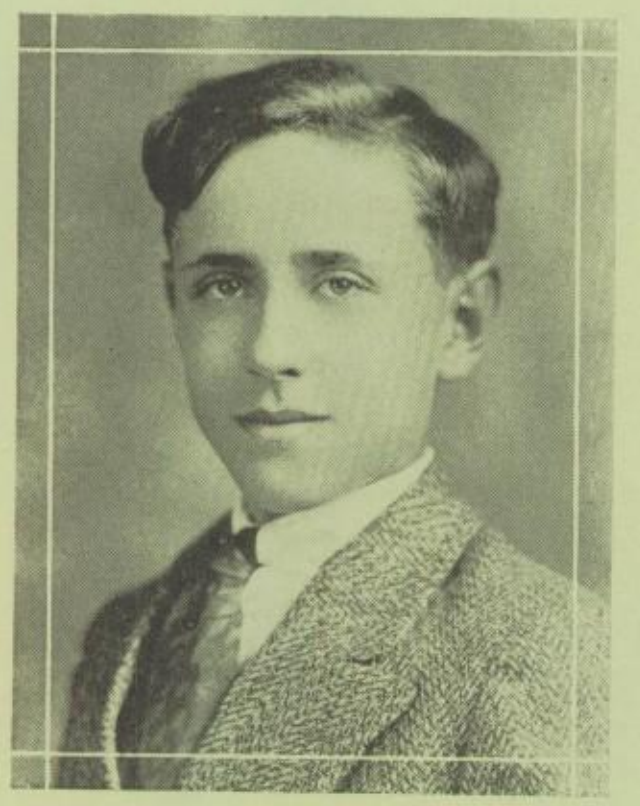
President

George Purdy

Ninth Grade Class Roll

Robert Alexander
Harry Baumgartel
Antonio Bova
James Boyd
Joseph Branch
Basil Butler
George Chubb
Robert Cochran
Frederick Concelman
Joe Cook
Robert DeCoulaz
Joseph Doig
James Doughty
Edward Ellis
Kenneth Emmert
Russell Emmert
James Fullman
Leonard Gariti
John Hacker
Joseph Haley
Joseph Harris
Ray Holman
Albert Hussong
Howard Jarvis
William Jetter
Michael Joseph
William Kain
Sam Lanzarotta
Elmer Lauf
Charles Luca
Theodore Lutz
William Mays
Timothy Merrill
Charles Montgomery
Richard Morrow
John Mummey
Albert Murphy
Charles MacKeen
David McConnell
Bradley McCormick
Robert McCully
Jack Nichols
Gordon Ponting
Santa Porto
George Purdy
Donald Ross
Edward Ruff
George Sheldon
Hugh Sloan
James Sprott
Charles Stone
George Stone
David Walkingshaw
Charles Schlumpf
Samuel Shon

Winifred Anderson
Ruth Benzenhoefer
Helen Bradel
Bernice Brawley
Emma Brush
Shirley Campbell
Elizabeth Cavin
Frances Challis
Ruth Challis
Ethel Chubb
Isabel Clark
Roselyn Curry
Dorothy Fisher
Pauline Frederick
Elizabeth Fulton
Betty Gemmill
Dorothea Graham
Henrietta Giver
Elizabeth Grason
Florence Greuey
Margaret Grubbs
Gladys Hamilton
Margaret Handy
Shirley Helsing
Elsie Hosking
Hattie Jackson
Mary Kedar
Dorothy Knecht
Jeanne Lowery
Dorothy Lutz
Sarah Maruca
Ferne Mechlin
Adella Minnick
Carolyn Mossett
Beatrice McFarland
Ruth Nardo
Helen Neely
Kathryn Neely
Dorothy Patton
Helen Pryor
Elaine Richardson
Mary Josita Roche
Elizabeth Rye
Katherine Schuring
Millie Seager
Marian Sickeler
Mary Spec
Gizella Wagner
Lauretta Wallace
Ruth Woods
Virginia Young
Helen Zeur



President
Eugene Fels

Eighth Grade Class Roll

Allen Anderson
Charles Anderson
Ebenezer Anderson
Donald Baird, Jr.
Harold Bennett
James Crooks
William Ellis
Samuel Fader
Eugene Fels
Barton Gibb
James Graham
Jack Hahn
George Joseph
Willard Klicker
Charles Littlecott
Jack Lucas
Clement Molinaro
Charles Muller
Harold Nash
Russell Newbury
Walter Richey
Elverton Roe
Ronald Scott
La Verne Shaffer
Donald Stoffel
Wayne Shaeffer
Malcolm Taylor
Paul Trudell
Elmer Todd
Jack Wessenauer
Donald Wilson
Leslie Wilson
Donald Witherspoon

L. Abercrombie
Emily Boyd
Mary Brotherly
Helen Carter
Harriet Cuckenberger
Dorothy Cusick
Cornelia Davis
Gladys Doiley
Helen Douglas
Elizabeth Dixon
Margaret Eckard
Marjorie Ellerton
Helen Ford
Mary Gallaher
Lucille Greenhouse
Grace Haley
Helen Hutchman
Jean Kedar
Gwendolyn Kirk
Armenia Legato
Margery McMaster
Jane McPherson
Laura Miller
Sara Musgrave
Marie Nauman
Hazel Norton
Dorothy Ohlman
Adelaide Peters
Ruth Tucker
Jessie Rand
Wanella Roe
Coralee Steele
Charlotte Stevens
Ruth Taggart
Dorothy Thompson
Bernice Young

President

Betty Richmond

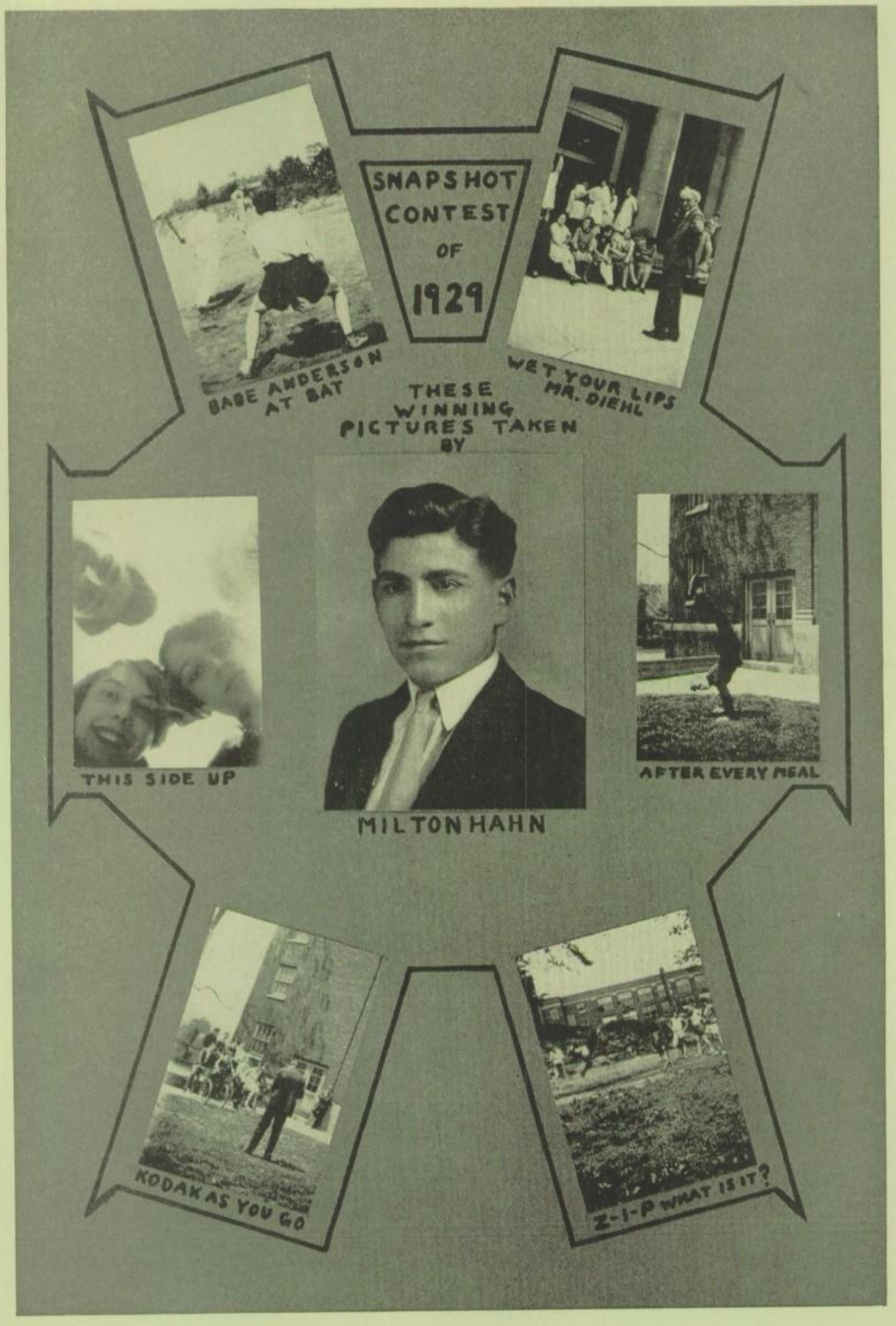
Seventh Grade Class Roll

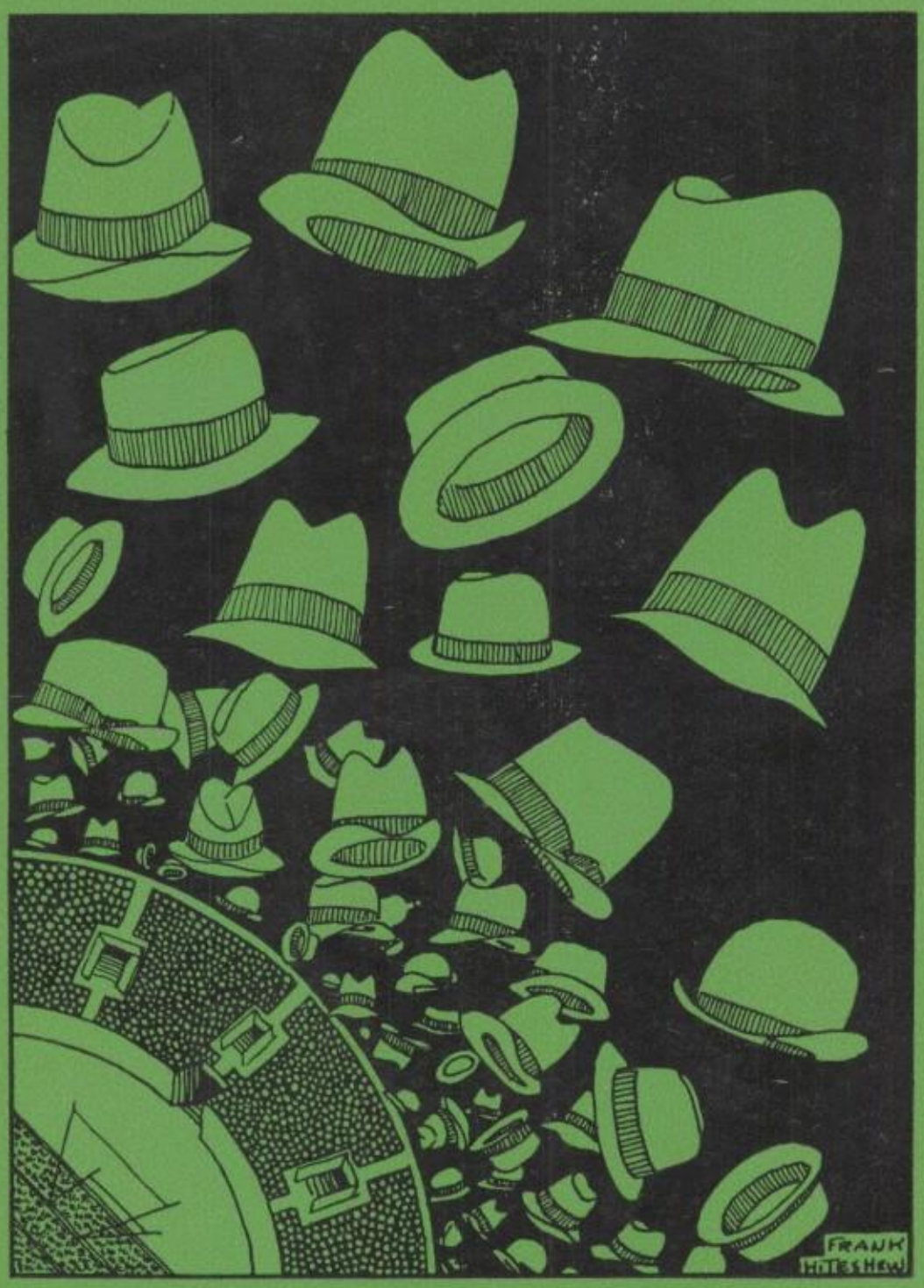
Egbert Allen
Ralph Blake
Jack Bostrom
Daniel Brotherly
Dorman Bryon
Frank Brust
Donald Doig
Norman Dolde
Oliver Eckert
Billy Finnicum
Noel Fisher
Artenzeo Foleno
Alfred Ford
Robert Ford
William Ford
Stanley Fowler
Joseph Gariti
Frederick Gould
Walter Gray
Philip Hahn
Jack Hekeler
William Harkness
Albert Holley
William Hoskings
Charles Hunter
Joseph Jackson
Martin Krieger
Joseph Lanzarotta
Martin Lee
Jack Luty
Joseph Maruca
Thomas Maruca

Gordon McCormick
Joseph McGill
William Merrill
James Moore
Joseph Moore
Alan Morrow
George Nevin
William Patterson
Jack Peters
William Phillips
John Pellegrino
Albert Richardson
Frederick Riddle
Arnold Rosensteel
Tony Rossi
David Rupert
James Rutter
Albert Siriammi
Robert Toward
Charles Turner
Charles Wehrum
Arthur Whiteside
Craig Whitlock
Edward Willoughby

Virginia Adair
Agnes Andrews
Genevieve Andrews
Maxine Andrews
Harriet Baird
Eleanor Black
Ernesta Branch

Alice Davis
Elizabeth Dickson
Christine Doughty
Ida Hatter
Erma Higginbotham
Aileen Hite
Ella Holthaus
Ruth James
Rhoda Lyon
Mary MacKeen
Mary Maruca
Elizabeth Mauro
Betty McPherson
Barbara Merz
Jennie Merriman
Alice Miller
Ethel Moorhead
Florence Nash
Helen Neely
Jane Parrish
Katherine Rand
Mary Reeves
Betty Richmond
Sarah Ritchey
Ruth Rosenfeld
Louise Rucker
Margery Stevens
Louise Trudell
Ethel Turner
Rebecca Turner
Constance Weiss
Sarah Whitfield


SNAPSHOT
CONTEST
OF
1929
BABE ANDERSON
AT BAT
WET YOUR LIPS
MR. DIEHL
THESE
WINNING
PICTURES TAKEN
BY
THIS SIDE UP
MILTON HAHN
AFTER EVERY MEAL
KODAK AS YOU GO
Z-I-P WHAT IS IT?



activities

Student Council

The Senior and Junior Student Councils, adopted in 1926, have proven both an efficient and desirable means of Student government. The Senior Council, presided over by the President of the Senior Class, John McElwain, discussed and settled many of the important questions which came up during the school year. Vice President Blackwell was in charge of the meetings several times, and Nancy Walters, secretary-treasurer, kept the regular record of the meetings.

The Junior Council officials were George Purdy, President, Eugene Fels, Vice President, and secretary-treasurer, Bradley McCormick. Mr. Winne acted as advisor for the Senior Council and Miss Ruth Simpson for the Junior Council. Meetings were held every Monday by the Senior Council and every Tuesday by the Junior Council.

During the first semester interesting lectures were given under the management of the Student Council. An admission fee of ten cents was charged and with the proceeds left after paying expenses, socials were sponsored in the gym, the Alumni Social being the biggest and most enjoyed one.

The Junior Council held a very pleasant mid-semester social.

The annual Clean-Up Campaign was again carried on by the Councils in an attempt to encourage Sewickley High School to win the cup offered by the local Kiwanis Club.

The Council members sincerely hope that the next year's Councils will carry on their work and feel that the results will be worth their effort.

The Oracle

This year of 1928-1929, another staff remained consistent to the high standard set in former years. Led by Anthony Henrici, who has served ably as editor-in-chief for two years, the staffs worked faithfully at the task of filling not more than two and a half nor less than one and a half columns in The Herald. Every Wednesday afternoon, a buzzing of voices might have been heard issuing from Room 204. For a time at the beginning of the year, things went along a trifle jerkily, as our engine was not yet broken in. About the first of December, however, the staff commenced functioning like a well-oiled machine.

We owe a great deal to our faculty advisor, Miss Kerr, and as much to Miss Hubbell who, during Miss Kerr's vacation very ably carried on in that capacity.

In closing, we want to express our best wishes to next year's staff. May they gain as much as we from their experiences.

Editor-in-Chief - - - - - - - - Anthony Henrici

STAFF I

Editor - - - - - - - - - Charles McConnell
Senior Reporter - - - - - - - - Jane Connelly
Junior Reporter - - - - - - - - Barbara Merrill
Sophomore Reporter - - - - - - Mary Thorne White

STAFF II

Editor - - - - - - - - - Charlotte Merz
Senior Reporter - - - - - - - - Franklin Hiteshew
Junior Reporter - - - - - - - - Rachel Merrill
Sophomore Reporter - - - - - - - Parker Berg
Junior High Reporter - - - - - Bradley McCormick
Boys' Athletics - - - - - - - - John McCann
Social Reporter - - - - - - - Peggy Moorhead

The Sewihi Comets

The Sewihi Comet Club, a commercial institution, initiated into our high school last year, was reorganized this year. The election of officers resulted with Ethel Vinall as president, Thelma Hacker, vice president, Marie Steup, secretary, and Esther Nardo, treasurer.

To assist these officers several committees were appointed. The Chairmen of these committees were: Social Committee, Edna Clay; Program Committee, Betty Pollinger; Publicity Committee, Dorothy Famous; and Flower Committee, Catherine Dempsey.

At our meetings, held every second Friday, talks, discussions, demonstrations of office appliances, and plays were given. All our meetings tended to prepare us for the business world.

One interesting feature this year was the "Comet" a paper issued monthly by the club members. The "Comet" staff consisted of Mildred Smith, Editor; Margaret Magee, Assistant Editor; Genevieve Brawley and Nancy Rettig, reporters. This paper contained articles on business routine and commercial subjects, class news, drawings, and jokes.

Besides our business meetings, we have also had our social hours. We enjoyed a wiener roast, parties, a Mother's special day, and a farewell banquet for the Senior Comets.

The work of this year has been very successful, and we, the Comets, wish to thank Miss Thomas, our well liked Commercial teacher, for her guidance and leadership which has so greatly helped to launch this activity on its way.

The Orchestra

Our High School Orchestra is a very indispensable part of our High School life. Where else, indeed, would we find music and harmony for our weekly gatherings, our High School plays, our other activities?

This year the orchestra is quite large and is progressing beautifully under the direction of Mrs. Egolf, whose devotion, interest, and untiring work make possible an orchestra. The orchestra supplied music for the Mid-Year Plays, the Oratorical Contest held at the Guildhall, the High School Play, and at all chapel programs.

The Enrollment

VIOLINS:
George Kuipers
Ross Mechlin
Henry Lutz
Jack Haley
Donald Slem
Joseph McDonough
William Hallam

TROMBONE:
Robert Wright

CELLO:
Palmer Chambers

PIANO:
Anna Sickeler

BANJOS:
Charles McConnell
John Carson

CLARINETS:
George MacDonald
Anthony Henrici
William Mauro
Alfred Flora

TRAPS:
James Wilhelmy

SAXOPHONES:
Roy Hegner
Frank Cook

CORNETS:
James McCracken
John Wallace
Robert Blackwell
William Boyd

We shall lose heavily this year by graduation but we find some promising candidates in the Junior High School.

The Junior High Orchestra

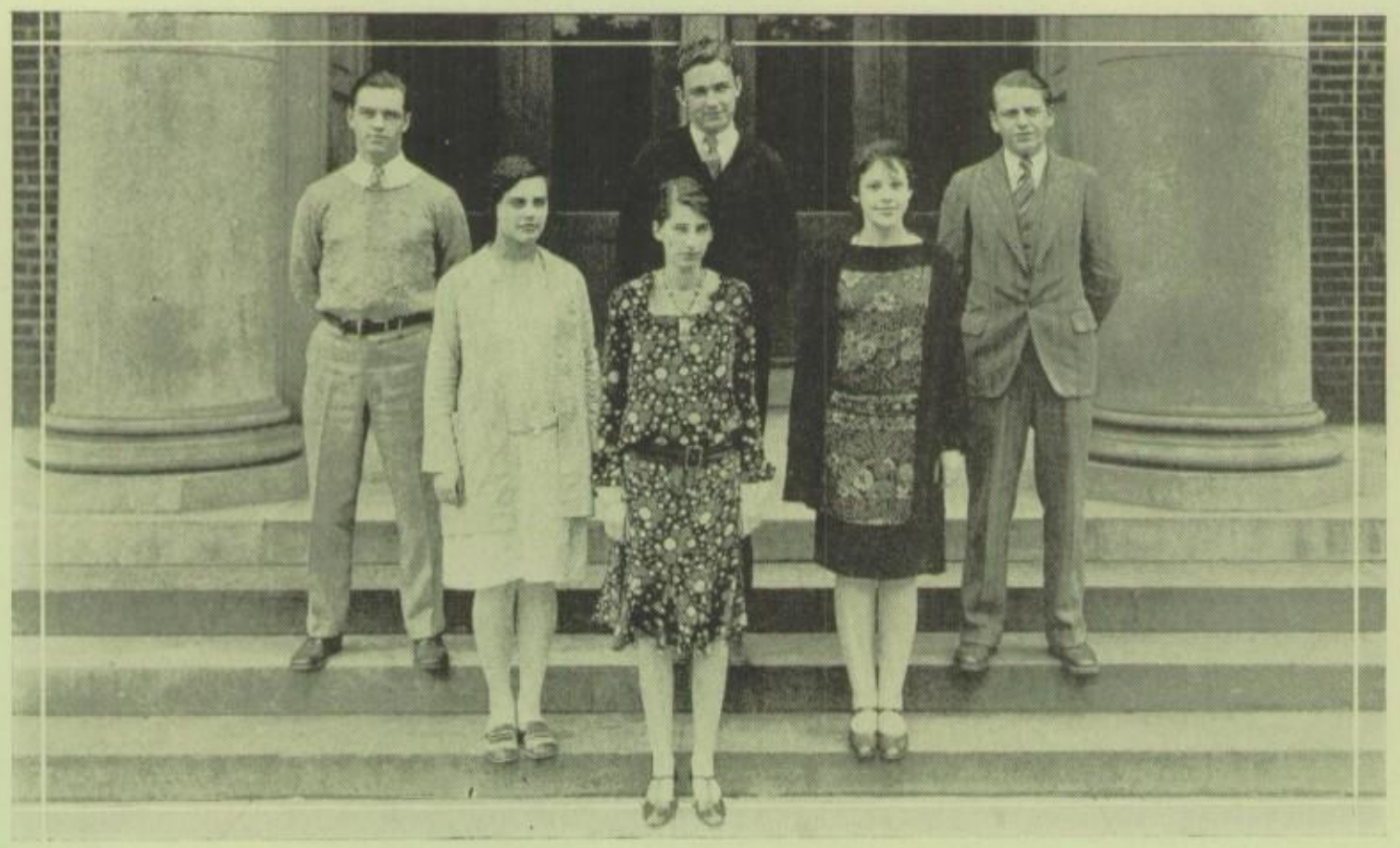
Well, we were back again this year, just as peppy and as earnest as ever. The season's work, however, was handicapped by the absence of our director, Miss Stewart. In spite of this, practice went on regularly, Miss Layerzopf acting as leader during Miss Stewart's illness.

We missed our trumpets, for this year's volunteers included no trumpeters; some members couldn't stand the pace; others exhibited an inclination to be lazy about bringing their instruments to practice; but Mr. Conway succeeded in reviving the bunch before it was too late. Consequently the Junior High Orchestra was giving excellent performances before the end of the year.

The complete orchestra boasts seventeen members. They and their instruments are: Violins, James Doughty, Stanley Fowler, James Fullman, Elmer Lauf, Timothy Merrill, Elizabeth Mauro, Virginia Payne, Ronald Scott, David Walkingshaw, Edward Willoughby; mandolin, David McConnell; alto horns, Joe Gariti, Clement Molinaro; clarinets, Santa Porto, Samuel Lanzarotta; trombone, Richard Morrow; pianists, Alan Morrow, Gordon Ponting.

The following members will leave next year: James Doughty, David McConnell, David Walkingshaw, Richard Morrow, James Fullman, Timothy Merrill, Samuel Lanzarotta, Santa Porto, and Elmer Lauf.

This year the orchestra benefited from special violin lessons. Perhaps that was the cause of our success, but it was probably due to the fine work of our directors.



Girl Reserves and Hi-Y

Although they are institutions of the Sewickley Y. M. C. A., the Girl Reserves and the Hi-Y are a definite part of the school life of many of the students. They are both clubs where the intimacy of a small group permits the formation of many friendships, the participation in many activities, and the possibility of a beneficial study of ideals.

The Girl Reserves were under the supervision and leadership of Miss Millen, Miss Kerr, and Miss McPherson, while the boys were directed by Mr. Cope and Mr. Mace. Both clubs met once a week for discussion and a general get-together, and twice during the year they enjoyed joint meetings in the way of dinners, the clubs alternating the duty of host.

The Girl Reserve Club was active throughout the year, indulging in discussions and social events. The most interesting activities included a cabaret dance, a Mother and Daughter dinner, a bazaar, and several enjoyable parties such as the swimming meet and the Kid party. Discussions and talks dealt with the varied problems of the modern girl, and included the question of personality, religion, and ideals.

The Hi-Y Club was fortunate in the speakers whom they entertained. Among these were Lee Frank, former Pitt football captain, Dr. Welday, who directed discussions concerning character study, Dr. Odell, and Mr. Diehl, who gave an interesting outline of his trip through the Panama Canal to California. The club sent a delegation to the Pre-College Conference in Oil City, and were well represented at the Coraopolis conference.

Stage Guild

Our very efficient Stage Guild is composed of Donald Slem, John McCann, Bernard Meyers, Leo Meyers, Parker Berg, Roy Clark, Joe McDonough, Jack Haley, Jack Heffron, Paul Balles, Dick Morris, and Herman Beck, Manager.

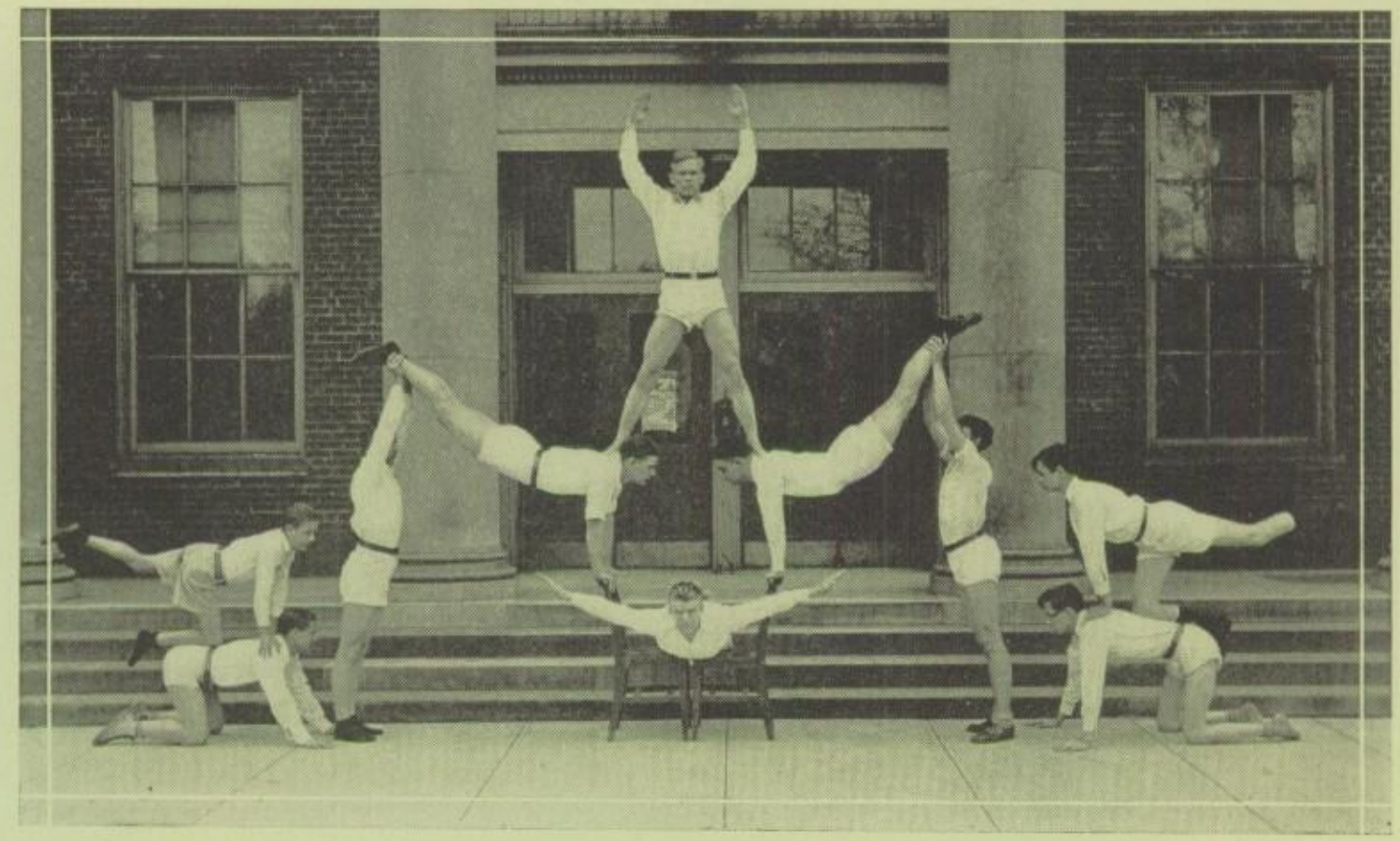
For the benefit of the new members, classes were held in which the boys learned the fundamentals of stage craft. In addition to these instructions, the guild visited the Stanley and Pitt theatres to learn the functions of a theatre and to see a guild in action.

Our guild is indispensable for chapel programs and plays. The boys are quite accomplished along these lines, and we certainly appreciate their efforts to make our productions a success.

The Clean-up Campaign

S. H. S's part in the Clean-Up Campaign for 1929 was initiated by one of John McElwain's famous and inspiring "Pep" talks. Then having acquainted ourselves once more with the rules and instructions we forthwith set out upon our task. Each room elected a leader to direct and take charge of the work in his section. Robert Blackwell and John McElwain as our representatives attended several civic meetings, (one at the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce), and returned with enthusiastic reports of the progress of other schools. The enthusiasm was surely contagious, for soon reports poured in from all the classes, and the Clean-Up, Paint-Up, Fix-Up Campaign was well under way.

As far as the school students of Sewickley are concerned, this year's "beautifying" campaign was a true success. Those who checked up the huge stock of records can indeed vouch for the amazing progress made in the way of weeding and spading gardens, repainting of houses, garages, fences, and whatnot, killing rats, planting trees, flowers and hedges, burning and removing rubbish, rolling and trimming lawns, and all manner of repairing.



The Gym Team

Something new for the athletically inclined students was introduced this spring by Mr. Winne. As he is an expert gymnast himself he is very well qualified to instruct pupils in this branch of recreation. To fully aid the boys in their earnest endeavor, gym equipment was purchased, and every time one looked a boy could be seen swishing through the air on the trapeze rings or landing on his head in an attempted back-flip.

Programs which were presented in chapel and after school included: a clown dance, tumbling, a sword dance, a square drill, and some pyramids. The athletes composing this team were: Robert Hamilton (captain), Edwin Johnson, William Janosik, Jack Humphreys, James Reno, Arthur Sheats, Ross Mechlin, James Marks, William Lamont, and Kenneth Anderson. Much is expected from this group next year, and we hope that it will be supported better then than now.

The Goose Hangs High

By Lewis Beach

Sewickley High School has again run true to form in producing a play of high class both in regard to the type of play produced and the successful dramatization. For the Public Speaking Department chose Lewis Beach's "The Goose Hangs High," and presented it in due season—April 11 and 12. This was the most important of the year's presentations and one of the greatest of the school's achievements.

The plot is concerned with the problem of a modern mother and father, endeavoring to cope with the new ideas of their children of college age. Mr. and Mrs. Ingals are the type of parents who sacrifice their own desires and even comforts in order that they may give their children the very best that college can offer. From all indications the younger members of the Ingals family are typically gay, flippant and disrespectful.

While Lois and Bradley are home for the Christmas vacation, their father is forced into such a position that he must either give up his political career or keep it under the rule of a tyrannical boss. Hence the financial condition of the family is so impoverished as to prevent the twins from going back to college.

Mr. Ingals, thinking always of his children, regrets his action, and tries to withdraw his resignation, while his wife is deeply disturbed at the situation.

Here is the crisis of the play,—the triumph of modern youth! The children rally nobly. They belie Grannie's sharp sarcasm,—"The Goose Hangs High in this family." Yes, the youngsters meet the situation with their heads up. They get positions for themselves and help to reinstate their father, and the Ingals family is happy in understanding love.

The cast was admirably competent. Robert Blackwell, as a middle-aged business man, was quite dignified and impressive. Jane Connelly made a most sweet mother and wife. While the Ingals children, as portrayed by Nancy Walters, John McElwain and Frank Hiteshew, embodied all the characteristics of the younger generation. As for Granny, Margaret Hennessy adapted herself perfectly to the character.

The twins and Granny afforded much amusement in their respective outlooks on life; the family as a whole something of pathos as they struggle with their problems; and the entire play a great deal of human interest roused in connection with a realistic test of characters.

Most sincere recognition is due Miss Rush who directed the play. The High School orchestra under the splendid leadership of Mrs. Egolf, ably assisted in the presentation.

CAST

Bernard Ingals	Robert Blackwell
Eunice Ingals, his wife	Jane Connelly
Noel Derby, a friend of the Ingals	Kenneth Anderson
Leo Day, a rising politician	William Wharton
Rhoda, the maid	Marie Steup
Julia Murdoch, a cousin of the Ingals	Ethel Vinall
Mrs. Bradley—"Granny," mother of Mrs. Ingals	Margaret Hennessy
Hugh Ingals, eldest son of the Ingals	Franklin Hiteshew
Ronald Murdoch, son of Julia Murdoch	Parker Berg
Lois Ingals, daughter of the Ingals	Nancy Walters
Bradley Ingals, twin brother of Lois	John McElwain
Dagmar Carroll, fiancee of Hugh Ingals	Virginia Richardson
Elliott Kimberley, a politician	Sherman McPherson

Mid-Year Plays

On Friday evening, December 14, 1928, three one-act plays, "Pirtle Drums It in," "Just Neighborly" and "Crabbed Youth and Age," were presented in the High School auditorium. These were the annual mid-year plays, given for the benefit of the "Sewihi." The acting was splendid, and to name any one in particular as having done exceptional work, would be impossible. All praise is due Miss Rush, the director, whose hard work made the success possible. The orchestra, ably directed by Mrs. Egolf, also deserves much credit for the quality of the music produced. The singing of the group of girls was a pleasant addition to the program.

After a selection by the orchestra the curtain rose on "Pirtle Drums It In," a comedy depicting the efforts of Mr. J. F. Pirtle, the big drum magnate of Pirtle City, to obtain harmony among his employees, and at the same time to prevent his nephew from falling in love. "Most quarrels arise because people do not understand each other!" says Mr. Pirtle, and when any "friction" arises between members of the force, Mr. Pirtle gives them the afternoon off to talk matters over. Oh what a surprise he had, after having sent his nephew and his stenographer to the beach for the afternoon so that they may have less "friction" between them, to learn at the end of the afternoon that they had taken advantage of the opportunity to get married.

George McDonald played the title role, John Carson, the nephew, and Nancy Jean Myers, his bride; while various employees were represented by Wilma Hunter, Dorothy Famous, Betty Pollinger, Margaret Hennessy and Arthur Hite.

There was quite a contrast in the next play, "Just Neighborly," which took us into the home of Ezra and Adna Carr. This aged couple lived a life of drudgery, brightened only by the hope that some day their son Vyron, whose father drove him out of the house in a fit of anger, would return to them. Just as the village gossip has told them that there had been a daring bank robbery in the neighboring town of St. Johnsburg, one of the robbers having left the town in an automobile on the come-back road leading past the Carr's house, there comes a letter, apparently from Vyron, telling them that he is coming home.

All is happiness until the village gossip notices that the letter is from St. Johnsburg. She begins to implant her suggestions in the hearts of the old couple, and when the expected man arrives he finds, instead of love, an atmosphere of distrust and suspicion. Because of this distrust the young man leaves the home, and at the close of the play the audience is in doubt as to his actual identity. Charles McConnell and Nancy Walters took the parts of the Carrs, Kathryn Gregg was the village gossip, and John McElwain the young man.

Again the tone of the plays changed. The third, "Crabbed Youth and Age," was a comedy giving not a definite plot but a situation. We find three attractive young girls, played by Garnet Douglas, Rachel Merrill and Charlotte Merz, telling their mother Edna Clay, that it is scandalous that she should be so much more popular with young men than they are. The mother tries all evening to prevent the young men from pursuing her. But they, as played by Herman Beck, William Hallam and Frank Hiteshew, continue to make love. All seems in vain, and the girls are in despair as the curtain falls.

Glee Club

The Glee Club was organized and all ready for business early in the school year. On Monday afternoons in September if one happened to pass by the auditorium during activity period, he heard shaky little snatches of song and slow, quivering scales—only the poor, young Sophomores having their voices tested!

On several occasions during the year solos, duets, quartets and choruses composed of Glee Club me nbers entertained us in Chapel. These numbers were much enjoyed, and proved excellent examples of the splendid work being done in the music department.

The cantata "Rip Van Winkle" was chosen to be presented in public, and everyone set earnestly to work in the endeavor to make this production a success. And for the dances we are indebted to Miss Copeland, who so willingly gave much of her time in teaching those tricky little steps.

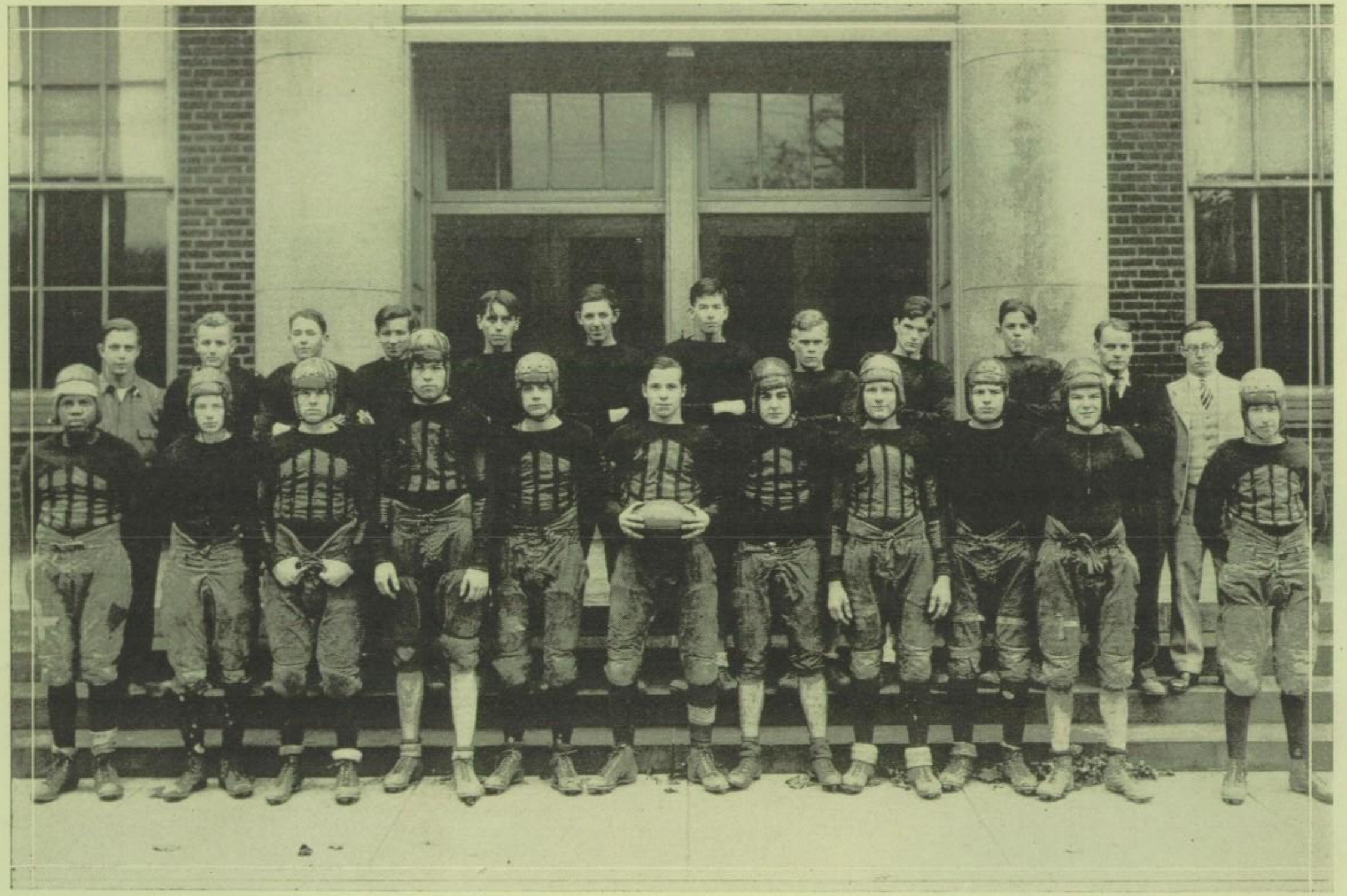
Mrs. Egolf is our capable and patient leader, and she is to be congratulated for her untiring efforts in producing this entertainment.

Members

Sopranos—Margaret Campbell, Lilan Doughty, Dorothy Famous, Mary Haley, Elizabeth Hegner, Evelyn Holman, Helen Holman, Olive Johnson, Elizabeth Martin, Marghretta Luty, Mary Martin, Ruth Crouse, Kathryn Meiser, Barbara Merrill, Jane Mitchell, Peggy Moorhead, Louise Neely, Elizabeth Pollinger, Esther Trudell, Nancy Watson, Mary Thorne White.

Altos—Thelma Hacker, Kathryn Gregg, Jane Kunkle, Rachel Merrill, Margaret Hennessy, Marion Rand, Mildred Smith, Margaret Yeakel, Virginia Walker, Betty Patterson.

Basses—Alfred Anderson, Glenn Kautz, Bernard Meyers, Leo Meyers, Walter Nevin, George McDonald, Allan Czillinger, Ossie Moore.



The 1928 Football Team

It's a long lane that has no turning. After patient waiting, Sewickley High School this year had the most successful season since 1923. Our new coach, Mr. Winne, brought a complete change in our football fortunes. With only three letter-men from last year's team,—Captain Kuipers, Hamilton and McCracken, with no letter-men in our line, we produced one of the finest teams our High School has ever cheered on to victory. In only one game were we decisively beaten,—that with Bellevue. In all others, public opinion declared us superior to our opponents.

The season started with a bang out at Crafton. This was our first victory in two years and was the first time Crafton had ever been beaten by our squad. Hopes were high for the Union Township game, but stiff opposition brought a tie score. Then followed the hardest game of the season—the Beaver game. Sewickley put forth a fine fight down there. Only the lack of a goal kicked beat our team. Then came our one bad defeat—Bellevue beat us 12-0. Many things led to this defeat. All our men had been nervous and on edge, for reports came out on the morning of the game and a number of the fellows feared F's. This may have been the cause. However that may be, Sewickley was outplayed, outclassed and absolutely beaten. Wait till next year!

Then we came back to life with a bang. Ambridge, Cory, Avalon, Dormont and Ben Avon all came, saw, and were conquered by monotonously one-sided scores.

Thus ended this season. Next year we're counting on an equally good team, for we have four letter-men as a nucleus to build on.

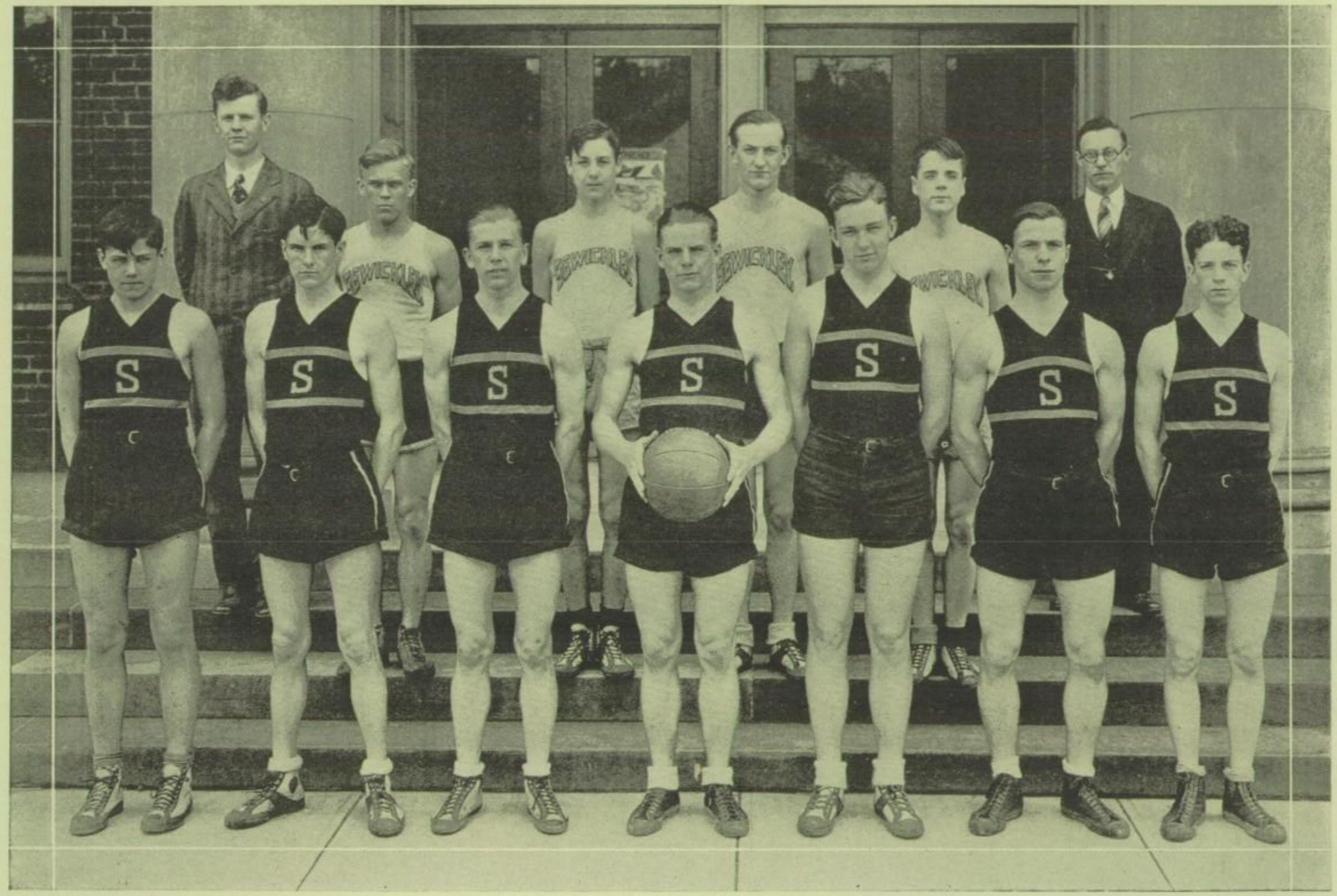
After the season the Elks Club entertained the Coraopolis and Sewickley letter-men at their annual banquet which many of the Pitt and Tech stars attended.

To Mr. Winne, our head coach, to Mr. Thome, who coached the line, and to Stanley Cook and Allan Czillinger, our managers, we owe thanks for their ability at coaching, conditioning and caring for our team. At least thirty per cent of the credit for our success goes to them.

The substitutes deserve great credit for producing spirit and ability to win in our regular team. Thanks are due to Critchlow, Chubb, Janosik, Johnson, McConnell, Mechlin, Nevin, Slem and Shannon for their excellent work on the second team. All but Mechlin will be on the field next year to make another record for Sewickley.

The Games

Teams played	Where Played	Date	Sewickley	Opponents
Crafton	Crafton	September 27, 1928	19	0
Union Township	Sewickley	October 4, 1928	6	6
Beaver	Beaver	October 12, 1928	12	13
Bellevue	Sewickley	October 19, 1928	0	12
Ambridge	Sewickley	October 26, 1928	8	0
Coraopolis	Coraopolis	November 2, 1928	25	0
Avalon	Sewickley	November 9, 1928	31	0
Dormont	Sewickley	November 16, 1928	12	6
Ben Avon	Ben Avon	November 24, 1928	28	0
		Total Points	141	37



The Basket Ball Season of 1928-29

The Sewickley High School basketball team this season was composed of boys new to high school competition. Under Mr. Winne they practiced faithfully, however, and fought for the school's glory as loyal supporters should. After losing every contest it would seem that the spirit of the players would be broken at the close of the schedule, but they nearly defeated a very capable team near the end, and would have but for an untimely decision of the officials. Nevertheless, the season was not a failure as the squad was composed of Juniors and Sophomores—with the exception of one Senior who have received much needed experience for succeeding activities.

The squad was: George MacDonald, Manager; Captain, Robert Hamilton; Edward Brennan, Paul Critchlow and Parker Berg, forwards; John McCann and Herman Beck, centers; Walter Nevin, George Kuipers and Edwin Johnson, guards, all of whom except Kuipers will return to assemble a winning combination for next year's aspirations.

The Schedule

December	18, 1928	Sewickley	27	at	Coraopolis	37
January	4, 1929	Ben Avon	28	at	Sewickley	21
January	11, 1929	Sewickley	21	at	Avalon	27
January	15, 1929	Aspinwall	35	at	Sewickley	17
January	18, 1929	Wilkinsburg	27	at	Sewickley	23
January	22, 1929	Sewickley	21	at	Swissvale	29
January	25, 1929	Sewickley	15	at	Bellevue	34
January	29, 1929	Edgewood	59	at	Sewickley	31

Second Half

February	1, 1929	Sewickley	22	at	Ben Avon	36
February	5, 1929	Avalon	43	at	Sewickley	33
February	8, 1929	Sewickley	20	at	Aspinwall	32
February	12, 1929	Sewickley	31	at	Wilkinsburg	34
February	15, 1929	Swissvale	36	at	Sewickley	24
February	19, 1929	Bellevue	38	at	Sewickley	12
February	22, 1929	Sewickley	31	at	Edgewood	47

Total—Sewickley, 349; Opponents, 533.

The Girls' Inter-class Basket Ball Team

The Schedule

1.	Senior	25		Junior	14
2.	Sophomores	15		Freshman	10
3.	Junior	35		Freshman	14
4.	Senior	13		Sophomore	10
5.	Senior	24		Freshman	15
6.	Junior	22		Sophomore	10
7.	Sophomores	7		Freshman	6
8.	Senior	16		Junior	10
9.	Senior	12		Freshman	3
10.	Senior	22		Sophomore	7
11.	Junior	30		Freshman	20
12.	Junior	27		Sophomore	9

	Games Won	Games Lost
Senior	6	0
Junior	4	2
Sophomore	1	5
Freshman	1	5

SENIOR PLAYERS:

Ethel Vinall
Marie Steup
Rosalia Hammer
Betty Pollinger
Dorothy Famous
Virginia Richardson
Margaret Magee
Dorothy Jetter
Anna Sickeler
Catherine Dempsey

FRESHMAN PLAYERS:

Shirley Campbell
Ruth Challis
Mary Kedar
Jeanne Lowery
Helen Pryor
Marion Sickeler
Gizella Wagner
Ethel Chubb
Elizabeth Fulton

Margaret Handy
Emma Brush
Lucille Greenhouse
Ruth Nardo
Florence Greuey
Dorothy Patton
Ruth Benzenhoefer
Elizabeth Gemmel
Reva Jane Taggart
Winifred Anderson

JUNIOR PLAYERS:

Kathryn Meiser
Nancy Myers
Olive Newbury
Evelyn McLaughlin
Mary Martin
Dorothy Gangloff
Thelma Hacker
Florence Lang
Garnet Douglass

Rachel Merrill
Barbara Merrill
Esther Nardo
Florence Douglass
Dorothy McCullough
Grace Baumgartel

SOPHOMORE PLAYERS:

Marion Rand
Esther Trudell
Betty Terry
Sara Scott
Mary Thorne White
Jane Mitchell
Helen Hegner
Virginia Walker
Marghretta Luty
Alice Roth
Lydia Eckard
Dorothy Greuey
Elizabeth Martin
Dorothy Stevens

Chapels and Literaries

We are quite proud of our weekly chapels this year. They have been made much more a part of the students' activities and have been an expression of the personalities of the student body. This has been accomplished by letting the student choose his own subject for literary production. In addition to student presentations we have enjoyed educational movies and occasional speeches.

One of the outstanding features was an exhibition presented by our gym team "under the careful direction of Mr. Winne."

Another most entertaining feature was a display of John Wallace's ability in the art of magic. This program was quite as mystical as that of a professional magician who entertained us at one of our chapels.

One week the Junior High arranged an enjoyable program for the Senior chapel. This included a dramatization of Longfellow's "Children's Hour" and a group dance.

These are only a few of the year's productions, but they represent the interest and enjoyment which characterized our weekly chapel periods.

This full and varied program was led throughout the year by students of the Senior class, and was assisted splendidly by our orchestra under the fine leadership of Mrs. Egolf.

Socials

Our socials this year were very peppy. With Mr. Winne's help our Social Committee presented several novel afternoons.

For those who danced we had our own orchestra, for those who did not dance there were charades and games, and for everyone there was fun—need more be said?

Hi-Y and Girl Reserve Sleigh Ride

The winter weather this year certainly did not go unheeded. On January ninth, a crisp, cold, white night, the Girl Reserves and Hi-Y fellows took a long sleigh ride over the Heights. There is nothing so invigorating as a ride in the snow, and we felt the full benefits of it.

We returned to the Y. M. C. A. after snow-balling and tumbling about in the snow for an hour, there to find delicious sandwiches, cookies and hot coffee to warm us up. There, with the music of a radio, we danced and sang for the rest of the evening.

This ride certainly made up for those we were unable to have last year.

The Junior Prom

The Junior Prom this year was one of the finest ever held. True to the Junior spirit, everything was carried out in the most modern fashion. The Dorian Hall was decorated with black and white, the Junior colors, in an ultra-modern design. Against this background of triangles and streamers the girls' lovely dresses contrasted beautifully.

"The Town Tattlers" furnished the lively music which set us to dancing. An interesting feature was the naming of dances in honor of the teachers.

The program included:

1. Grand Rush
2. Hubble Hobble
3. Clelland Clog
4. Peterson Prance
5. Copeland Canter
6. Koehler Caper
7. Egolf Glide
8. Irons Toddle
9. Thomas Tango
10. Conway Special

Extras:

1. Hood Hula
2. Thome Tom
3. McKee Klop
4. McGinnis Marathon

The Egolf Glide or prize waltz was a draw between two couples, Robert Blackwell and Betty Bishop, and Frank Cook and Betty Pollinger. In the draw, however, Frank Cook and Betty Pollinger were proclaimed the winners. As prizes Betty received a string of lovely black and white beads, and Frank a knife.

It was hard to break away from such a lovely dance, but everything must end; so at twelve o'clock the dancers left, all exclaiming what a wonderful evening it had been.

The Alumni Dance

We are always glad to welcome back our Alumni, so every Christmas a dance is held in their honor. This year, we are sure they received a warm home-coming.

With the Gym decorated in High School colors, a peppy orchestra, "The Scamps," and delicious punch, the Alumni and High School Students enjoyed themselves to the fullest.

It was a big success, and we hope to see all the graduates back again next year for another lovely evening.

Wearers of the "S"

Football

George Kuipers (Captain)
Robert Hamilton (Capt. Elect)
Samuel Purdy
Joe Temerario
Al Czillinger
Frank Czillinger
Albert Lauf
Edward Brennan
Lynwood Diggs
James Reno
Bertyl Neely
William Boyd
Jacob Weber
Stanley Cook

Boy's Basket Ball

Robert Hamilton
George Kuipers
Edward Brennan
Walter Nevin
Herman Beck
Paul Critchlow
John McCann

Boy's Tennis Team

William Lamont
William Boyd
James Wilhelmy
James McCracken

Girl's Tennis Team

Charlotte Merz
Marjorie Moorhead
Francis Challis
Ruth Challis

Cheerleaders

John McElwain
John Carson

Dramatics

Franklin Hiteshew
Robert Blackwell
Jane Connelly
Margaret Hennessy
Nancy Walters
Charlotte Merz
Ethel Vinall

Oracle

Anthony Henrici
Charles McConnell
Rachel Merrill
Charlotte Merz
John McCann
Barbara Merrill

Oratory

Dorothy Jetter

Sewihi

Robert Blackwell
Franklin Hiteshew
Charles McConnell
Betty Bond
Margaret Magee
William Hallam
Dorothy Jetter
Jane Kunkle
Frank Cook
Dorothy Famous
Virginia Richardson
Nancy Walters
Mildred Smith
Rosalia Hammer

Orchestra

George Kuipers
Ross Mechlin
Donald Slem
Henry Luntz
Joseph McDonough
Jack Haley
William Hallam
Charles McConnell
Palmer Chambers
Bernard Meyer
Anthony Henrici
Frank Cook
George MacDonald
Alfred Flora
William Mauro
Roy Hegner
Glenn Kautz
Robert Blackwell
James McCracken
William Boyd
John Wallace
Robert Wright
James Wilhelmy
Anna Sickeler

Board of Trade Prizes---$2.50

French I	Charlotte Merz
English I	Ann Carothers
Economics	Paul Meyer
U. S. History	Anthony Henrici
Physics	Jean Hammer
Biology	John McCrea
Spanish I	Margaret Hennessy
English II	Charles McConnell
Latin III and IV	Jean Hammer
Chemistry	William Fader
General Science	Leo Meyer
Algebra I	Allan Newbury
Geometry	Charles McConnell
Eighth English	William Jetter
Seventh English	Margery McMaster

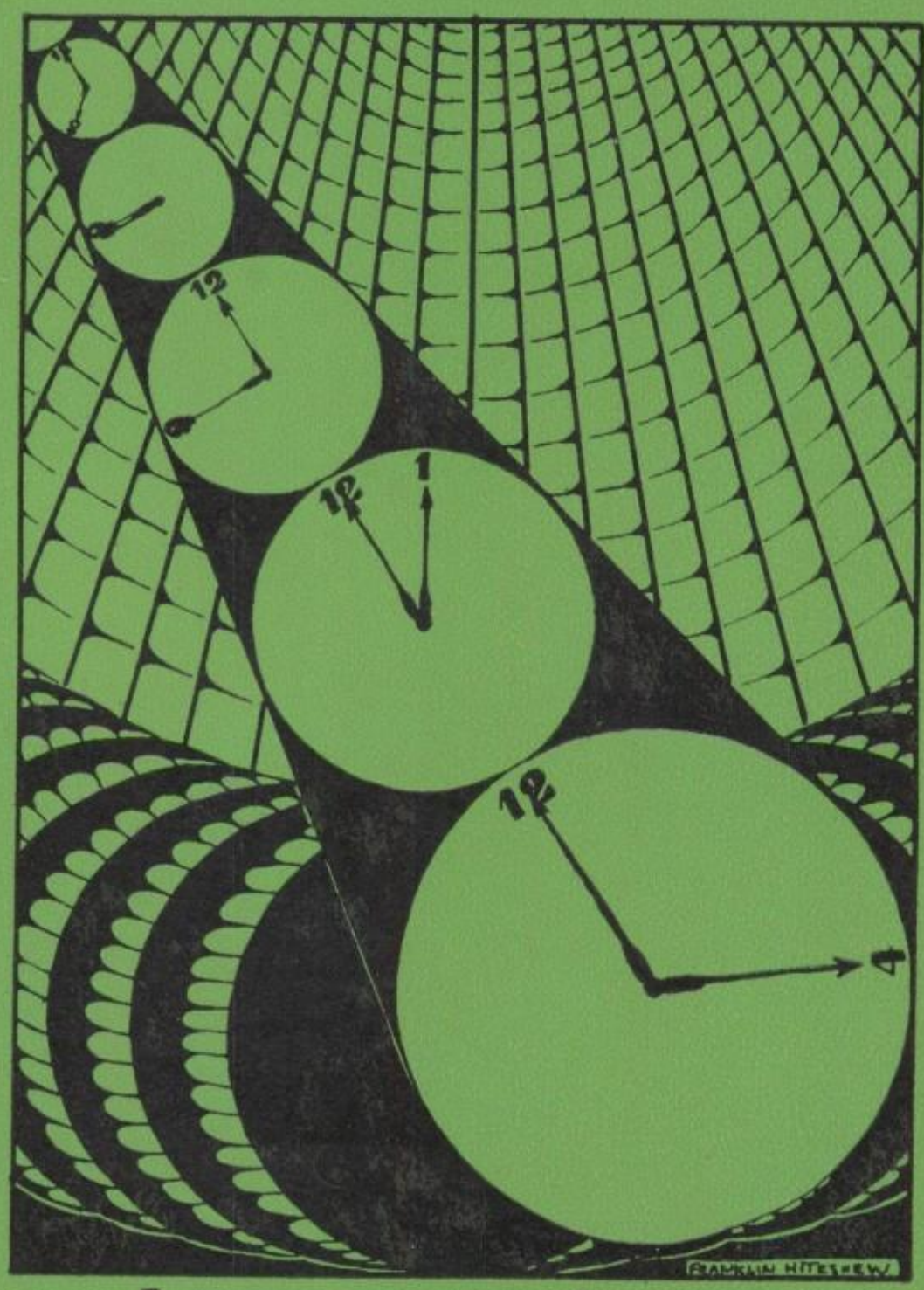
Prominent biologists examining rare specimen of American Squeegee.

Well-known missionaries leave civilization for work among heathen.

Bandits make getaway in powerful car.

Texas Guinan entertains members of the Ex-Senators Club on the White House lawn.

Six caught in night club raid try vainly to elude alert Sewihi photographer.



chronology

Chronology

September 4—School starts.
September 5—Classes begin (no time lost!).
September 6—Plenty of night work.
September 7—Rules and regulations laid down.
September 10—Library assignments all ready.
September 11—Election of Junior class officers.
September 12—Football practice starts.
September 13—Election of Graduation Chairman.
September 14—193 more days of school.
September 17—Election of Senior class officers.
September 18—Girl Reserves start.
September 19—"What is so rare as a day in fall?" Tired of studying already.
September 20—Election of Student Council members.
September 21—First Economics test, worse than we expected.
September 24—Student Council organizes
September 25—Junior Student Council at work.
September 26—Stores close at 12 same as usual.
September 27—First meeting for some pep. Where's everybody?
September 28—First football game. Beat Crafton 19-0.
October 1—Still rejoicing over Friday's victory. Hurray!
October 2—Chem. aprons very nice. 75 cents, please.
October 3—School spirit fairly good this year.
October 4—Social.
October 5—Tied Mr. Conway's brother's school in football.
October 8—Election of Social Chairman.
October 9—Plans for Teacher's Reception.
October 10—Jane Connelly this year's Social Chairman.
October 11—Glee Club entertain us in chapel.
October 12—Get out at 3:10.
October 15—Whistling entertainer. 10 cents admission.
October 16—Girl Reserves meeting.
October 17—Made ten dollars on Monday's program.
October 18—German Chapel program.
October 19—First report card and Bellevue game.
October 22—Everybody went to see Lilac Time and cried.
October 23—Cheerleaders practice.
October 24—Plans for pep meeting and social.
October 25—Great big pep meeting and social.
October 26—Beat Ambridge 8—0.
October 29—Jickles missing for first time.
October 30—What are you going to wear tomorrow night?
October 31—High School rides in the garbage wagon on Hallowe'en.
November 1—Good pep meeting.
November 2—Beat Cory 25—0.
November 5—Where's Mr. Irons?
November 6—Where's Miss Koehler? (looks bad)
November 7—Economics test given back.
November 8—Pitt debaters, everybody enjoyed them.
November 9—Avalon plays Sewickley.
November 13—More football practice and rain.
November 14—Better get a lock on your locker.

November 15—Real good chapel program.
November 16—Dormont game.
November 19—Student Council discusses Alumni dance.
November 20—Many sick.
November 21—Lots of snow.
November 22—Walter Rye plays the piano. Encore.
November 23—Mid-year play tickets on sale.
November 26—Student Council discusses bean shooting.
November 27—Vacation.
December 3—Student Council discusses election amendment.
December 4—John McElwain, substitute in play.
December 5—Report cards not so good this time.
December 6—Pretty dead today.
December 7—And we all got out.
December 10—Stiff play practice nowadays.
December 11—Play cast getting scared.
December 12—Stage Guild working hard.
December 13—Dress rehearsal.
December 14—Mid-year plays.
December 17—Girl Reserves' recognition.
December 18—First basketball game.
December 19—Rev. Brown teaches.
December 20—Alumni dance.
December 21—Last day for a while. French and Commercial parties.
January 2—Mae gets diamond.
January 3—204's ceiling falls.
January 4—Miss Koehler has the flu.
January 7—Women's Club use the auditorium.
January 8—Chemistry class makes HNO. Nuf sed!
January 9—Magician.
January 10—'I wanta be a worm' and John Wallace as magician.
January 11—Basket ball game.
January 14—Mr. Hood's car freezes up.
January 15—French snow balls seem colder.
January 16—Hi-Y and G. R. sleigh ride.
January 17—Oratorical Contest.
January 18—Just another day.
January 21—Pick-pocketer speaks.
January 22—Simba.
January 23—55 in long Division.
January 24—Bert and Joe sing.
January 25—Some news about big play.
January 28—Sewihi Contest starts.
January 29—Naturally, Seniors are ahead.
January 30—First day of exams.
January 31—Good work, seven of the seventh graders bought Sewihis.
February 1—Last day of exams. Hurray!
February 4—100th day.
February 5—Play practice begins.
February 6—New semester.
February 7—We're going to get A's from now on.
February 8—Report cards. Bye, bye, Seniors, Hello Juniors.
February 11—Seniors win Sewihi Contest.
February 12—Lincoln's birthday.

February 13—Plans for party.
February 14—Valentine social.
February 15—Big basketball game with Swissvale.
February 18—Rain and more rain.
February 19—Mr. Noyes est ici (is here).
February 20—Lively party for the Winnes.
February 21—Mrs. Egolf takes up lip reading, she's got to, she got a sore ear.
February 22—Washington's birthday, but we didn't get out of school.
February 25—Lunch room check-up.
February 26—Art Hite's smoke screen.
February 27—Did you ever hear of a 'Pantry's butler?' Ask Ponting.
February 28—Jr. High entertains Sr. High in chapel. Good work.
March 1—New traffic squad system.
March 4—Radios to hear inauguration of President Hoover.
March 5—John McElwain gets face burnt with acid.
March 6—J. O'Laughlin is still a detective, we hear.
March 7—Said goodbye to Miss Kerr (California, here I come).
March 8—First Comet Club meeting.
March 11—New English teacher, Mrs. Clelland. (nice, too.)
March 12—Dorothy Jetter tries her orating abilities at Guild Hall.
March 13—Oh! that Henrici haircut!!
March 14—Mr. Winne's gym class takes our breath away.
March 15—Sewihi staff meeting and where's your roller skates.
March 18—Tests seem to cause bad humors.
March 19—Moorhead and Connelly burn their sleeves out and stockings off.
March 20—The orchestra seems to have had a good time at the Penn.
March 21—Man from P. C. W. calls on the girls.
March 22—Bigger and better Comet Club meeting.
March 25—Blackwell and McElwain go to a banquet.
March 26—J. McLaughlin goes on the trail for catching frogs. Too bad.
March 27—Fire drill ending in auditorium.
March 28—Easter vacation starts.
April 2—First day. Who is glad?
April 3—Seniors use front door now.
April 4—Violinist gives recital.
April 5—Believe it or not, last payment of Sewihis.
April 8—Sophomores remember! The quality of mercy is not etc.
April 9—Ticket selling campaign.
April 10—Dress rehearsal for The Goose Hangs High.
April 11—Where are the play cast members?
April 12—The play was a big success.
April 15—Kuipers suggests hanging a wreath on the front door.
April 16—Who'll write a Gray's Elegy for the school?
April 17—Seniors start getting pictures taken.
April 18—French Lady visits. Visit not a success in French II.
April 19—Lloyd's pocket got on fire reading the Lord's Prayer.
April 22—Who pocketed a Silent Reader?
April 23—Helene Smith's baby pictures on display.
April 24—Tennis stars meet in 104.
April 25—Doctor.
April 26—Did you get weighed yet?
April 29—Not so many in Series Class.
April 30—Juniors get lectures on Essays.
May 1—Well, well, first day of May.

May 2—Bell Telephone movies (all right but—).
May 3—New Friday system, but nobody stayed in.
May 6—Joe B. walks around the football field all morning.
May 7—Just another nice report card.
May 8—Town clock is crazy.
May 9—Advertising Cloverdale butter—Jane M.
May 10—D. Slem likes Nancy M. (ask French students.)
May 13—John O'Laughlin has quit detecting.
May 14—Aeroplanes cause zeros sometimes.
May 15—Seniors try to decide what to wear.
May 16—Imagine, French class windows were washed.
May 17—Mrs. Clelland's last day.

A Joy Ride

1.

One day I went out for a ride
To glimpse the scenery for that day,
And all I saw on each side
Were billboards which read this way.

2.

Smoke Chesterfields, they're very mellow,
For a Camel, I'd walk a mile,
Lucky Strikes for the real fellow,
While Piedmonts make you smile.

3.

Ward's cakes are baked the best of all,
Oh! Henry's can't be beat,
Big May Day dance at Webster Hall,
Use Reznor stoves for heat.

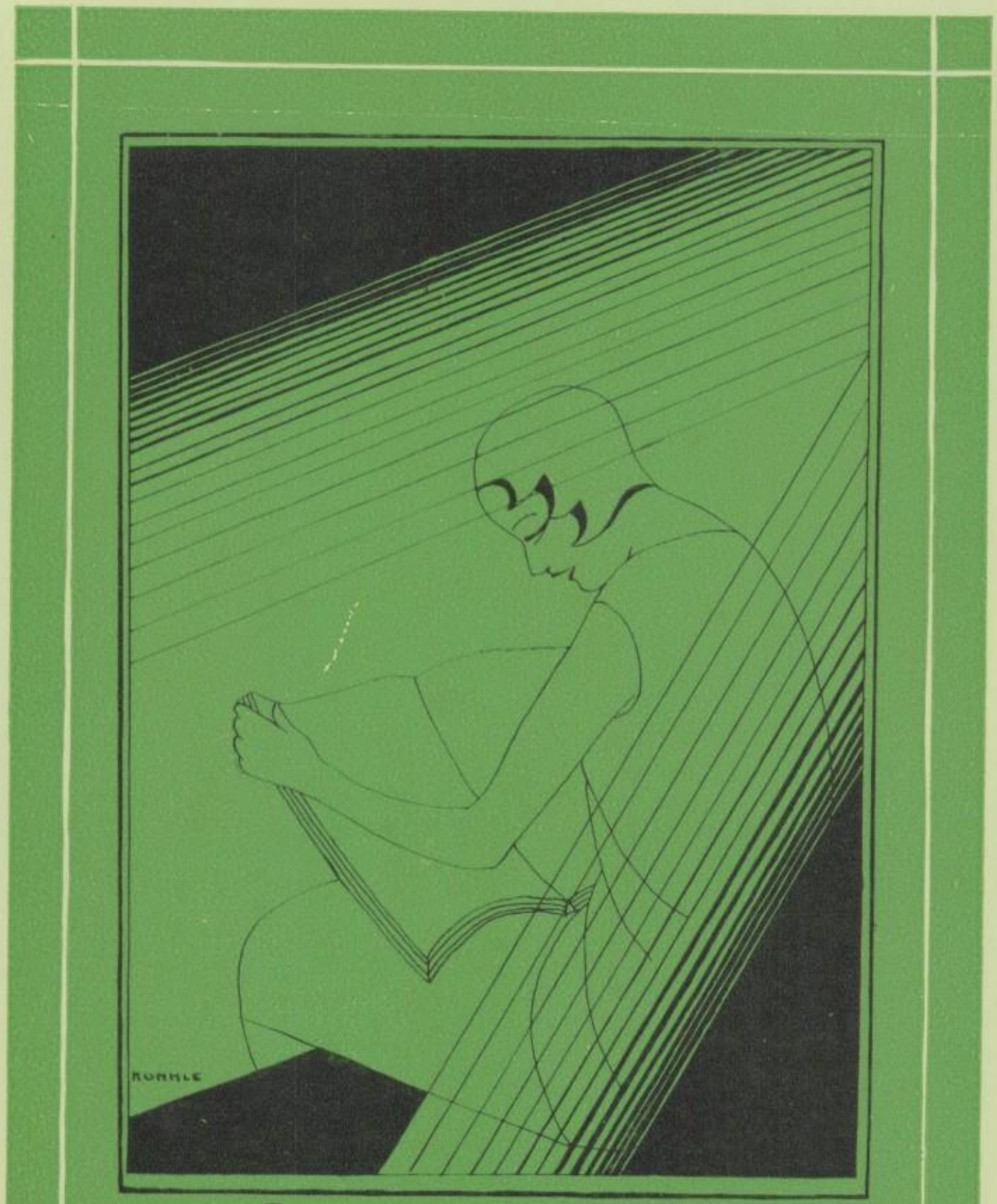
4.

A plate a day of Rieck's Ice Cream
And Ketchup made at Heinz,
While Whippo helps to whip the cream
I slowly pass the signs.

5.

So do you enjoy to take a ride
To see these million signs
Or posters which draw your eye aside
With products of all kinds?

M. L., '30.



literary

The Butterfly Lady

Her cottage stood on the crest of the hill from which the old town sloped down. There was only one building that was higher than hers; that was the red sandstone church, beneath whose shadow her garden nestled. Because it grew so near the clouds it was the first resting place in spring for home-coming birds. She knew them all and when to expect them—the swallow, thrush, lark, cardinal. She watched almost hourly for their return.

When she saw them beating up beneath the sun from the south, she would hasten to scatter feed as a welcome; and they in return, hopping through the lilacs or perched on the thatch roof, for a day would twitter and sing to her of foreign lands. She loved these little creatures, longing for their life, free and joyful, full of love—for in their one year of life they tasted more ecstasy than she had in her twenty—she being loverless.

So, during the months of spring, her face was ever turned toward the horizon to the south, through the rest of the year she gazed across the plain which girded the hill's foundations and traced with her eyes the broad, white roads, noting how they narrowed in the distance as though exhausted with old age, till they dwindled into nothingness.

No one in the town knew much about her, though she had lived there as long as her memory would serve. There was none who could recall the manner of her coming.

The children named her the Butterfly-Lady because she was shy and timorous and would hide behind shrubs and draw back from the windows lest anyone observe her. By day they would make so bold as to push open her gate and steal her flowers, crying, "Oh, Butterfly-Lady! Come out!" When night had fallen they ran past her darkened cottage in terror, without a sound.

The first flight of swallows had come back. All night long she had lain awake and listened to their chatter of love, strange seas, and tropics; but this spring morning when she rose they had vanished. She went to the edge of her garden and looked down the sunlit street, which rushed steeply down the hill, between gray houses, till it poured into the plain and lost itself in the remote greenness of the fields and fallows. Somehow she felt brave today—a sensation new to her. When the children passed by to school and taunted her, crying, "Ho, Butterfly-Lady!" she turned away her face but stood her ground.

Now she was thinking, yes, thinking and waiting—yet she did not know for whom she waited. She was in love with love and with those ghost-children, whom she feared till "he" should come and take her.

As she was musing, daring thoughts entered her mind. Why couldn't she follow the plain and white road which was beckoning to her? Who knew? "he" might be tramping across the sky-line to rescue her. Without stopping to prepare herself, she slipped out from the garden and escaped through the town. No one saw her though the sun splashed the street to gold, leaving scarce a shadow. The children were at school; the women busy and singing to themselves; the men, risen early, out in the fields at work. She cared not whither she went. Far out in the country a thrush was calling. She thought, "He is guiding me." She followed. Her eyes were twin forget-me-nots (which grew in a face of ivory. Her body clad in white glistened as she slipped along. Her hair was a soft brown, folding around her face and hanging at her sides.) Her hands were held before her, half in dread and half in eagerness.

Through dusty lanes she wandered, over meadows and clover patches; but always she followed the thrush's call. Sometimes it drew near to her; some-

times it seemed very distant so that she hastened her steps fearing it was lost.

In the late afternoon the sky grew overcast and haggard; she felt it to be her own mood reflected. Heavy drops of rain began to patter. She kept her eyes fixed before her and still went on. Toward evening, rounding a bend in the lane, she saw the spurting flame of a camp-fire and heard, hard by, the crunching of a horse turned out to graze.

Beneath a cluster of trees, on the edge of a common, was a stretch of canvas spread above the shafts of a wagon to form a rude tent. The fire was kindled in the mouth of the shelter, and a man sat before it. He was serviceably dressed, in appearance neither old nor young. He had gray-blue eyes and a cheerful expression (ruddy from exposure; on his head he wore a mole-skin cap). As she caught sight of him the thrush called; its song seemed to come from the tilted cart. Then she saw that his throat was working and that "he" had uttered the cry himself.

She started as if she would have gone further, but "he" called her and, rising to his feet, came forward taking off his hat. His hair bleached to flaxen in wind and sun fell about his face; she clasped her hands to her heart and cried out, startled by his wildness. But, when he spoke, there was kindness in his voice which laid her fears to rest.

"Maiden," he said, "it's raining, and you're tired. Come and sit under my cart."

He placed her beyond the fire, out of reach of the wet. Seating himself beside her, he watched her gravely. Presently he spoke.

"Of what are you thinking?"

"That the sky is very old," she said.

Just then the sun broke through, smiting the clouds golden rods.

"And now it looks young again," he laughed.

A lark rose singing overhead. They tried to watch its flight; but it turned toward the west, and their eyes were baffled by the sunset.

"We can hear the bird," he said, "but we cannot see it because of a greater glory. It's like that with happiness: we hear our own gladness, and we want to see it; if we see it, we want to hold it,—but alas! sometimes we mistake it for sorrow."

She did not answer. She was wondering whether it was more joyous to yearn for a thing than to have it—to hear a lark singing or to hold it silent in her hand.

"From where do you come?" he asked.

She pointed across the green distance to where mists drove around the turrets of the sandstone church.

"Ah, from the town! No wonder you're sad: too many people live there. I live in the open. I watch the sun rise and watch him set. I see the moon sail high, and the drifts out. I listen to the winds and the growing of the grass. I know that everything has its season—gladness and sorrow, summer and winter, youth and old age, life and death; and this I've learned—that nothing has an end."

She listened, drawing in her breath; he was answering her unspoken questions and seemed to know her heart. When he had ended there was a silence. Then, forgetting that she was the Butterfly-Lady, she dared to whisper, "Oh, that I might live like that—in the open, beneath the stars."

His eyes sparkled strangely as he asked, "Well, who can prevent you?"

Clasping her hands with a sob she cried, "Oh, if I only dared!"

"You, yourself have only to dare," he said, speaking almost to himself.

After a silence the man continued, bending very near her in his earnestness, "But—I ought to warn you that, even for a man, the country is at times lonesome—for a woman it would be worse. It's all right when the sun shines; but it's when night has fallen, that one looks to see another face across the camp fire—the face one has dreamed and the face one could love."

He stared so hard that at last, because she knew she would have to answer, she cried, "I don't think I should mind the night, if only there were two of us."

He seized her by the hands. Fearless for once, she gazed deep into his eyes. Before she knew what had happened, he held her in his arms.

The fire burned low, and neither of them cared. The sun went away, and the moon wandered forth. In the starlight every bud, branch, blade of grass was pearl-covered. At last.

"What is your name?"

"They call me the Butterfly-Lady."

"Oh, Butterfly-Lady," he whispered, "for one of your name, you're very daring."

Then he set her on his horse and led her back to the hill-town through the open country. All the way she watched the stars; and it seemed to her that those small ghost-children gazed down on her, streching out their arms.

At the edge of the plain he left her. She climbed the ascent through the sleeping houses back to her lonely cottage. Yet though the hour neared midnight and all was silent, the singing of the birds continued in her heart.

Later footsteps halted in her garden, and they went together to the priest who resided in the sandstone church.

Then she passed out from the town, forever; and the two journeying through the open country, returned hand-in-hand to the campfire, the hardship and the browsing horse.

JANE CONNELLY.

True Parade Partners

R-r-r-ring.

"Answer that, Babs, dear."

Was there ever anything to be done in the apartment that Babs, "dear," or "darling," or "beloved" wasn't asked to do. It's doubtful. And as usual Babs answered the phone.

"Hello-o," her low mellow voice drawled. "Yes . . . yes . . . one minute please, Laney!"

A shell pink negligee wrapped around her slim form, with dainty, pink mules clapping along the floor, lovely Elaine Patterson, whom Babs thought but a few surpassed in looks, glided across the hall to the telephone.

"He has a darling voice," Babs whispered. And with that she went back to finish setting the table.

The three girls had an apartment. Elaine Patterson, Laney for short, was twenty, fair, and good looking. Patricia Murdock, Patty or Pat, was of the opposite type, black hair, black eyes, and olive skin; two years older than Elaine. She was very reserved, but very attractive. And Babs, Barbara Summersgill, was the youngest, and by far the most attractive, although she was not aware of it. She was a light blonde, with pitch black eye brows and

lashes, framing her light green eyes. Babs was seventeen, and just finishing her last year at high. She was adorable no less.

When Laney and Pat had decided to have an apartment, they wanted a third party. Of course, in a few years, Babs would join them; but just now she was still in school and young, even though she was clever seventen. But if they did get someone else, they'd get so used to them in three years—it would be hard to part. Well, a fourth party? No. Too many. Do without Babs? Never! And she was so thrilled with the idea. No—she'd be with them from the beginning. Besides—she wasn't so very young.

So that is how Pat, Laney and Babs happened to live together. They had had the idea for years, and now they were carrying out.

Such a cozy little apartment as it was! There were two bedrooms—Laney and Pat had one together—and Babs', but one would think there was only one for they were always in Babs',—a bathroom, a kitchen, a dining room and a living room. Every room was furnished attractively in modern fashion—Babs' ideas were always attractive.

What a pleasant atmosphere in the apartment! Could anyone ever have the "blues" with Babs near?

She had just finished setting the table when Laney burst into the room, flinging her arms about her.

"Oh, how'd you like to go on a date with me tonight? I promise you he'll be cute."

"Why—why, Laney!" Poor Babs was taken by surprise. She had her own dates, but never with them. They thought she was a little young.

Laney's eyes were searching Babs' face for the answer. "I know exactly what you're thinking—. Forget it. Is that your only reason for hesitating?"

"Y-yes, but—"

"Okey, then, you're on! He's waiting for an answer."

And she dashed out again.

It wasn't long before she was back and telling Babs all about it. She had wanted the date with Bill so badly—Bill Darlington it was—and he had this friend staying with him—wanted another girl—Pat outa town—most of the kids busy on Saturday night—thought of Babs—.

She neither began nor ended her sentences; but just said enough to let Babs grasp the idea, and then burst out with—

"Don't you think he's wonderful."

"From what I've heard—yes."

"Oh, that's right—It's funny you've never met him—or seen him either for that matter. Well, don't expect a lot for looks. He's not ugly, I don't mean that, but—he's nice looking and—I can't describe him, Oh, you'll see him tonight."

And she did——

Three years later, riding on a "Homeward Bound" train from school, Babs sat dreaming of that night—the first night she met him. Laney had said he wasn't good looking. Well, he wasn't but—attractive? Yes. Very! He was tall, not exceptionally so, but "just tall enough to be nice" as Babs put it. His eyes—so blue—she thought. But then naturally the blue suit made them more so; and then his light hair, rather sandy colored. A pale touch of orange tinted cheeks. Such a voice as he had—deep as a bass drum, and then his laugh—. Babs could hear it ringing in her ears like a melody, a beautiful melody—she loved it.

Then she thought of how she liked him from the first—more for Laney than for herself, for Laney surely loved him—of how she caught herself unconsciously comparing other boys she met, with him; he was different some-

how—of how she missed seeing him when she went away to school, him and Laney—of how she realized when looking at him drawing, a charcoal portrait she made of him from a little snapshot Laney had sent her of herself with Bill, that she had drawn it for her own love for him—not for Laney's love.

Here Babs stopped. It had taken her a long time to draw this, and of course she couldn't do much from a snapshot, but she thought it looked quite like him—at least from remembrance.

She was anxious to get home for a number of reasons, but for one in particular—just this.

Laney had been raving in all her letters about the large picture of Bill which he had taken recently and given to her. "I have it sitting right on top of Grandy (the piano) so I can look at it all the time," she had written. So Babs was anxious to compare the two—to see how well she remembered him.

Laney's letters were alawys full of what she and Bill were doing. She told Babs that Bill and she read her letters together. He sometimes said to her to tell Babs "he sent his love" or "not to wait so long in writing" or "I miss her." But Babs understood the feeling behind—just a friendly little liking for her as if she were a little sister or the like. She often wished it were different.

This vacation would be so hard. During the other two she had been able to hide her feelings toward him, but this time she rather feared it.

But the train was nearing the station and Babs had not time for such thoughts. They'd all be waiting for her—Laney, Pat, Bill, Tom, Babe, Fritz—all of them ready to greet her. The train was stopping, but Babs saw none of these faces as it neared the crowd—but they were there somewhere. She stepped off the train, looked around—. They usually were in the front of the crowd, but not this time—and then she realized they weren't there. Perhaps they hadn't gotten her letter stating she was coming a week earlier than usual, but it should have arrived two days ago.

She hired a taxi and planned on the way home how she'd walk in "nonchalant like." She did—and into every room only to find it empty. She walked into the kitchen, but Nora wasn't there either.

"Probably over at Darlingtons," she thought, and rang up their home. But Mrs. Darlington informed her that they had been gone three days and were expected home any time now. They had gone to Babe Culbertson's for the week-end. Babs thanked her and hung up. Everything was solved, but it was not a pleasant solution.

She "collapsed" into a chair in the living room. It all looked the same, and—her eyes rested on Bill's photo. She walked over to it. No wonder Laney raved; it was worth it. She ran over to the bag she had brought with her, no one could understand why, since all the rest of her baggage was being sent, and took from it Bill's picture. It *did* look like him without a doubt. She placed it beside the other on "Grandy," and sat down to play. She struck the chords of "Sweethearts on Parade." She sang softly and sweetly as she played. When she came to the words—

"I'd love to join their fun,
But they bar me;
For it takes more than one
To join their army"

her voice broke, she stopped playing, and a stray tear found its way down her cheek. She reached for his picture.

One who hated her would have sympathized with her then, but one who loved her and it was his picture she held,—in plain words, if Bill Darlington

were there? No need of the "if," he was there; had been there ever since she had set her painting beside the picture. He had overheard the telephone conversation and rushed over to see her. When he stole into the room to surprise her, and found this; he hesitated. But he felt like a cheat, watching her unawares, so he walked toward the piano. Babs turned around, flushed and embarrassed, but Bill gently took the picture; reached for his pen; and wrote something on the bottom of it.

It read like this:—To Babs, my own dear "Parade Partner."

When happened then is an affair belonging to Babs and Bill alone. Let's not intrude.

Babs' picture was seen in the paper a year later, under which this was printed:—Miss Barbara Stoner Summersgill before her marriage last Thursday, August 10th.

E. C. '30.

Something To Do

Joey Davis limped across the library of the Johns Orphan Asylum, clumped down in his favorite chair with his favorite book of fairy tales in his hand, and began to read, "Once upon a time—." A bell sounded in the corridor. "Recess already?' he asked himself, and went out to play.

To himself, Joey was ten, almost eleven years old, but to the "Lady at the Home," he was eleven, almost twelve, and had only one more year to stay at the "Home." He was sure his mother was dead, but not so sure about the death of his father, for his father and mother had separated when he was two years old. He had gone with his mother, who had died when he was four. He had been in the Asylum ever since.

Joey walked slowly around to the window-less side of the building. Every day for the past week he had crawled through a hole in the fence and gotten to the "outside world." Once out he played with the "Kids" in the street. Today, when he was almost out, he heard a quiet voice from alone, "Joey Davis is going to get it. Joey Davis is going to get it. I'm going to tell Miss Downy."

"Ah, get outa here, Gadsen Arlington. I got permission to go out."

"You have not. I'm going to tell Miss Downy," replied Gadsen triumphantly. And Joey, being a man of means (he had eight cents in his pocket), immediately proceeded to bribe him.

It might be remarked that Gadsen was the "sissy" of the Orphanage, that his relations came to see him, their "dear little Gadsen," every Sunday afternoon, and that Gadsen must have his "glasses" or he would have a terrible time reading "The Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew," a book which Joey heartily disliked.

Joey moved to a more comfortable position beneath the fence. "I'll getcha some candy," he promised.

"Will you get me a piece of chocolate?" asked Gadsen brightly.

"Sure, just so it don't cost over a cent."

"Well, don't get it dirty."

And Joey, thinking he had wasted enough time, made a hurried exit through the hole.

He played "Follow-the-leader," "Kick-the-can," and several other such games for about a half hour, with the "kids outside" and having made his

purchase he returned in time to line up and march into the building. Gadsen met him that evening in the corner of the library near his favorite chair to receive his pay. It was handed to him with reluctance and he heard, at least he thought he heard, the muttered words, "If you tell Miss Downy, I'll take your specs off."

The next day during the play period Joey again stole out through the hole in the fence, but he unknowingly had a spectator. He soon found the "gang" and they began to play "tag," Joey being "it" most of the time on account of his crippled leg. "Wait a minute, you guys," the oldest of the boys said, "I've got an idea." They all stopped running and listened. After a minute or two passed in silence Joey asked, "Well, how about that idea?"

"Oh, yeh," a pause. "You birds know the guy that lives in that big house across from the home, don'tcha?"

"We don't know him, we know of him," said Joey thoughtfully.

"Come on, Davis, cut out the wisecracks or we won't letcha in on this. Now imitate a couple a clams."

Joey registers deep silence.

"My idea is this—."

"What?" from Joey.

"Shut up! Now, as I was gonna say, we're gonna have some fun. We'll take all the furniture off the porch over there, tie a rope across the top of the steps, knock on the door, and run. When the old geser comes out he'll see his furniture out on the lawn and start to run after us. Then he'll trip over the rope, and we can stand down on the corner and laugh at him. Come on! No noise!"

After several trips between the porch and the lawn, and the tying of a rope, the scene was set. By "drawing straws" Joey was selected to do the knocking. How was he going to jump that rope? His boyish courage did not fail. He climbed over the rope with that same look in his eyes that a boxer has when he steps into the ring—fearless and observing. He went silently to the door, gave the bell a push, and instead of jumping the rope hid in a corner of the porch. The butler came to the door, and seeing the furniture on the lawn and the boys running down the street, he took one jump, tripped over the rope, described a beautiful loop in the air, and landed with a heavy thud on his back in the middle of the walk. The door opened again, and out strode a tall, thin man with graying hair. He was seemingly amused at the sight which met his eyes, and a smile broadened on his sorrowful-looking face. Jonson, the butler, "gathered up his bones" and looked around while the crowd on the corner laughed, and the tall man smiled more broadly than before. Suddenly the butler's eyes widened, and he pointed as he exclaimed, "Hi see one of 'em—the brats. Don't move! Come out a there now, and quietly."

"See one of what? Where?" asked the tall man as Joey stepped from the corner.

"Cetch a hold on 'im, sir."

"I've got him," and with a move of his hand he dismissed Jonson.

"Deal justice to 'im, sir," said the butler as he disappeared into the house.

"Why did you boys do this?" asked the tall man.

"I-oh-er-we-ah—"

"Come, now, why?"

"We-er-wanted something to do," replied Joey after deliberation.

"Well, you came to the right place. Bring all that furniture up on the porch, and when you're finished you may come in," ended his host.

The bell rang in the yard of the "Home," but Joey did not dare leave his task. He worked fast, and finished so soon that the butler was astonished to hear a knock on the door about three minutes after he had entered the house.

"Ah, so it's you is it? Ye should have yer bloomin' neck broken. Come in 'ere! D'ye expec' to stand out there hall day?"

"Er-yes—I mean no," said Joey as he hurried past the angered butler. He was directed to the parlor, where he picked out the most uncomfortable chair in the room and sat down. The longer he sat there, the straighter the back of the chair got, until it seemed that it slanted a bit forward. He, of course, noticed everything in the room, especially the rug—(he looked at the floor most of the time). When he at last looked up he was surprised to find the tall man standing very near him. "Tell me about yourself, where you live, your parents—everything." He continued, "What is the matter with your leg?"

"I hurt my leg when I was five. My mother's dead. Don't know about my father. The operation on my leg costs too much. Doctor said it could be done, though." He thought awhile, and then added, "I'm from the Home."

"Stay right here. We'll see to everything tomorrow." Joey was then left in the silence of the library. All afternoon he looked at pictures in the books of the big library, and asked himself over and over, "Who is this man?. Why is he helping me here?"

At six o'clock dinner was served. At the table Joey noticed that the only persons who entered the dining room were people who said "Yes, sir," or "Very good, sir." "There mustn't be anyone in the house except the man and his servants," thought Joey.

The "Lady from the Home," and a number of policemen, having been told of the escape by Gadsen, set out to look for Joey, "a crippled boy with a brown suit and grey cap," but never went near the big house.

Dinner was soon over, though Joey thought he had never before seen so many different things to eat on a table at the same time. An hour later, the door-bell rang and a middle-aged man was introduced as Doctor C. A. McCormich of New York. Joey had never met the Doctor, and therefore had to go through the formalities of introduction. "This is the boy I spoke to you about this afternoon, Doctor," said the tall man.

"He is a very gentlemanly fellow," the Doctor remarked. "Let me see your leg," he continued to Joey, who immediately took down his stocking, revealing a very thin and weak-looking little limb.

"It will take about six weeks to make that right. It's pretty bad," he finished. After a few moments in thought he added, "I have only a minor operation to perform tomorrow morning. Could you have him at the hospital at nine o'clock?"

"I-er-ah-yes," was the startled answer. The "tall man" seemed to be returning from a reverie.

The next morning, promptly at nine, a large, blue sedan came up to the hospital. The door opened and out stepped a man and a boy. Joey was altogether changed. He was well-dressed but instead of a smile on his face, it was unmoved. In an hour he would be on the operating table.

Three hours later Doctor McCormich emerged from the operating room. "He is all right," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. The tall man heaved a deep sigh, as if a great weight were lifted from his shoulders. Joey was soon out of the operating room. He awakened with a deep breath, moved a bit, and opened his eyes. After a long silence Joey spoke. "What's your name?" he asked weakly.

"Joseph P. Davis," replied the tall man.
"Why, that's my name."
"My son!" shouted Mr. Davis.
"Daddy," Joey whispered.
A silence of three minutes with Mr. Davis hugging his son.
"Daddy."
"What, son?"
"Is my leg—going to get better?"
"Yes, son."

B. M. '30.

What Price Speed

"Young man, come into the library with me. I want to speak to you alone," bellowed Mr. James Dumont, Sr., to Mr. James Dumont, Jr.

"Y-yes, sir," stammered Jimmy, Jr., as if he knew what was to come.

"Sit down!"

"Yes, sir."

"Within the last three weeks I have received several reports from police headquarters concerning you and your speeding."

James, Jr., sat motionless.

"Now I am going to give you one more chance," continued his father, "but if you are caught speeding again, I will take your car from you and discontinue your allowance. It is a disgrace to the Dumont name to have an eighteen year old speed-crazed kid like you with the reputation of breaking every speed record in San Francisco—in fact, west of the Rockies. It's funny you don't go east and try to break some there. Do you think you can behave after this?"

"Y-yes, sir," answered James, Jr., in an undertone.

"We'll see," replied James, Sr., sharply. "You may go."

For several weeks James, Jr., behaved, as far as speeding was concerned, much to the surprise of his father, but one morning after James, Jr., had been out all night, James, Sr., received a call from police headquarters and was told that his son was being held for speeding and was without sufficient funds with which to cover the fine. At this James, Sr., hurried to the police station.

"Where is that infernal brat?" he asked as he stepped inside the door. "I've got something to say to that."

"Right this way, Mr. Dumont," and he was led into a cell at the end of a long hall.

There was James, Jr., silently sitting on a cot with his head in his hands.

"Well, what's your excuse this time?" snarled James, Sr.

"None, sir."

"You know what I told you about your speeding, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't thing I was kidding you when I made that proposition. I'm going through with it—understand?"

"Yes, sir."

And so James Dumont, Jr., had no car to speed in and no money to spend.

In the meantime Mr. James Dumont, Sr., had other head-aches with which to occupy himself. He had been drawn into a business deal which

involved his fortune, and in the excitement over the speeding of his son, he had temporarily forgotten the most important part of the agreement. He must have his personal check of $15,000 in New York City within five days or lose his fortune.

"Hurry and call Oakland Airport and charter a plane to take this check to New York immediately," said Mr. Dumont, Sr., to his secretary.

In five minutes the secretary returned with the message that there was not a plane in the vicinity that was capable of making the trip to New York in less than a week. All other planes were at the international air races at San Antonio and could not return in time to deliver the check.

"Good Heavens, what am I going to do? I have five days to get the check into New York and no way of getting it there."

"I have it," said the secretary. "Your son could make it. He is the fastest driver in forty-eight states."

"What? I wouldn't trust that fool with anything. He would be in jail before he got there, anyhow," answered James, Sr.

"But it's your only chance, Mr. Dumont! He's sure to make it."

"Well, uh—quick! Get Jim in here right away. For Pete's sake hurry!"

"Listen, Jim," his father said, "how long do you think it would take you to get to New York in your car?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you what it is," replied James, Sr., and the details were placed before James, Jr.

"Under the circumstances I think I can make it, but there is no time to be lost. You get the check and other details ready while I go and look over my car."

So that night James, Jr., started for New York, a trip of approximately twenty-six hundred miles, with a check for $15,000 and four and one half days to go.

Before the departure it was agreed Jim, Jr., would send no telegrams until his time was up and make as few stops as possible in order to save time.

Jim made good time the first night and by noon the next day was nearing the eastern edge of the deserts of Nevada where he picked up a hobo, an ex-chauffeur on his way to New York. This made it easier for Jim, and after the tramp had learned what Jim's mission was, he acted as if he were the boy's brother. They drove on for two days more, each taking his turn at the wheel for five hours while the other slept. By this time they were half way across the continent with two days and a half to get into New York.

The car sped like a rocket across the plains; but the sensation of speeding was soon broken by the voice of a speed cop, ordering them to move over.

"What d'ya call it—huh? Where d'ya think yer at?"

But when the officer saw the hobo he almost fainted.

"Why, if it ain't old Gabby!" he exclaimed. "Where yo' been? Ya ain't been 'round these parts for a long time."

"Listen, Kelly," said Gabby, "this fellow's got to get to New York in two days. Here is the situation—."

"Well, bein' that you're in with this here guy I'll let ya go, but I can't help what another cop'll do to ya."

And so they were allowed to proceed unmolested, and after driving continuously for a day and a half they arrived in Pittsburgh. Just like any other person would do they became lost in the entanglement of streets. After several hours of blind driving they finally found their way out of the Smoky City and once more sped on their way with open road ahead of them. After about ten hours they neared Philadelphia.

"Say, Jim, just what time do you have to have the check in that office?" asked Gabby.

"What time is it now?" asked Jim.

"Let's see. It's eight thirty A. M." answered Gabby.

"And this is Thursday, isn't it?" asked Jim.

"Why—no, this is Friday. What's the difference?"

"What? This is Friday?" asked Jim in surprise. "And you say it's eight thirty. Good Heavens! We haven't hit Philly yet, and we have to have that check in by twelve o'clock sharp! Listen, Gabby, I'm going to open this baby up now. We've got three and one half hours to get to New York and deliver this check."

Then Jim put his foot to the floor, and in less than a hour they had passed through Philadelphia and were speeding on to New York.

"Gabby, we've got two and a half hours to go. Think we'll make it?"

"At the rate we're going now we ought to make it, but there won't be a minute to spare. But whatever time we get there—I'll stick with you, Jim."

"Thanks, Gabby."

There was nothing that could stop Jim now. The car sped over the road like a bullet and reached the outskirts of New York in two hours.

"Gabby, we've still got half an hour to go, but I don't know heads from tails in this burg."

"What's the name of the street you want, Jim? I might know where it is, I've been here enough."

"Broadway," answered Jim.

"Hit 'er up, boy. I'll point out the way. I can get there with my eyes closed"

So Jim "hit 'er up," but heavy traffic prevented them from make as fast time as they desired.

"How far, Gabby?"

"Pretty soon, Jim."

"Gosh, but I'm getting nervous."

"Just a little bit yet, Jim. We'll make it. Take it easy; you turn here."

"Hey, Gabby, what time is it?"

"I'll see. Good ————! Five minutes to go, and I don't know how far it is yet. Watch that stop light!"

"I haven't got time for stop lights," said Jim and he drove through it.

That made it worse. A policeman was too quick for them and came running.

"Hold up here," said the officer, and he filled out a card which he handed to Jim.

"Say, officer, where is Broadway?" asked Jim.

"You're on it, farmer!" snarled the cop.

"Where is the Clarke Building?" asked Jim with an anxious expression.

"Gosh! I didn't know anyone could be so dumb. Right in front of you, farmer!"

Before Gabby, or the policeman, or anyone else could further express themselves, Jim leaped from the car and was on an elevator bound for the tenth floor. Gabby and the policeman followed.

With a minute and a half remaining, Jim rushed from the elevator and scanned the doors along the hall for number 1012. There it was—the last door down the hall! Jim hurried down the corridor, opened the door, and rushed past the office boy into the private office where several men were anxiously watching a clock which registered one minute to twelve.

"Here I am!" exclaimed Jim excitedly.

"Who are you?" asked one of the surprised men.

Jim was unbuttoning his heavy overalls while the minute hand was crawling its way to twelve, and reached into his watch pocket from which he produced the check.

"Here is who I am," he said as he handed the check to the man nearest him, and then he dropped from lack of rest into the arms of the police officer who had just entered the door.

"What's this all about?" asked the officer.

Gabby explained the circumstances, but it did not turn the wrath of the officer to pity, and Jim was ordered under arrest.

As he was being placed on the cot in his cell he regained consciousness, and after scanning his surroundings, asked what was wrong, and why he was in jail.

"Don't try to get out of it! You're under arrest for passing a stop light, parking in the middle of the street, and resisting an officer of the law!" said the policeman who had arrested Jim.

But when Jim saw the soft mattress under him and the large pillow beneath his head he said, "Now I know why they call it 'arrest,' " and forgetting everything that had happened he placed himself in a comfortable position and fell asleep.

Take My Advice

I

"Give me the simple life," said Dan dreamily, "a little vine-covered house on some quiet village street, an orchard, a garden, a cozy library where one might sit and smoke one's pipe while one's wife is in the little kitchen baking a delicious-looking golden-brown cake which would be—"

"—so hard that one couldn't cut it with an axe," finished Marilynn laughing. "Take heed, infant, that's not living—that's only existing! And what an existence! Give me a huge estate, servants, piles of gorgeous clothes, and cars, a very, very bountiful income per year, a handsome husband who holds membership cards for the most exclusive clubs—."

Dan stiffened. "I don't want the Bank of England, or the Mint, or the White House. I just want to be happy—really happy."

"Really happy!" mocked the girl. "Why I would die in such a humdrum life. You certainly don't aspire very highly, Dan."

"Wealth isn't my goal. Money isn't everything. If you had all that, you still wouldn't be contented! You'd be wanting more—more—more!"

"If I had all that, I would have nothing more to wish for! I would have everything," she returned.

"Yes—but think of it! Nothing to wish for, to think of, to dream of! There lies happiness—in dreams! Dearest, take my advice and marry someone in your own life—me, for example."

Marilynn jeered. "Dan, I do believe you should be a salesman instead of a farmer, or a landscape gardener! I'm fond of you, of course, but if I should marry you, I would die of hard work and loneliness. I know that I'm not cut out for a farmer's wife."

At this point their conversation, or rather, their argument was interrupted by the long blast of an automobile horn. At the vine-covered entrance of "Horton's Gardens and Nursery" stood a huge limousine.

"Oh, what a dream of a car," breathed Marilynn with much fervor. "Isn't it ducky?"

"Hideous color," commented Dan drily, glowering at the long, purple body. Then he grinned. "Great guns, it's only Eggy Van Dusen!" and he waved to the lone occupant of that beautiful plum-colored vehicle. "No, wait, Marilynn," he said as she turned to go. "Wait! Let me introduce you. It's Egbert Van Dusen, the old toothpick king's son! Wait!"

It has been said that everyone makes (at least) one great mistake in his life, and Dan Horton thought afterwards that he had made the mistake when he introduced Marilynn Caldwell to Egbert Van Dusen.

II

Egbert Pinkerton Van Dusen IV was truly a gentleman of leisure. He had acquired several million dollars from the "Elijak Van Dusen Toothpick, Match, and Paper Novelty Manufacturing Company" and was therefore considered a very eligible young man by anxious Forest Heights mammas with debutante daughters. To Dan he was a veritable "boob," for many reasons. First, he owned an Elmington, which Dan declared was no more than a lump of tin mixed up with a useless amount of decorative ash-trays, flower vases, little awnings, cigarette lighters, etc. Second, he wore fawn-colored spats and monogram gloves of the same shade. Third, he smoked violet and lavender scented cigarettes. Fourth, he owned and continually carried about with him a curly-haired, beribboned, little poodle, which he affectionately called "Lovums," and to which he fed expensive chocolates. Fifth, he had developed a disgusting habit of imitating all the Royalty he had ever met, or seen or read about. Dan once said, "Give Eggy a monocle, and anyone might take him for the great Duke So-and-so, or the Earl of What-have-you!" And lastly, he was a terrible flirt! In the opinion of simple, true-hearted Dan this was an unforgivable sin. "If he married the girls he made love to, he'd have more wives than Brigham Young," said Dan. Egbert and Dan had been schoolmates (this being before the days of the "Toothpick, Match and Paper Novelty Company's" tremendous popularity), and so now the young millionaire kindly paid the young farmer a visit, once a year, for "auld lang syne."

To Marilynn Eggy was a miracle! He embodied all her dreams and desires. Blinded by Wealth and Position she could not see his selfishness, his egotism, his imitative gestures and ways. She could neither hear his bragging speeches or the big "I am" in his voice.

And Egbert perceived her admiration and, true to his nature, was flattered and extremely pleased. He blossomed forth under her fascinated gaze and strutted gracefully about with a very satisfied air.

At the end of his painful (to Dan) visit he turned to Marilynn, "Miss Caldwell, may I take you home?" So they went away, chatting and laughing gaily, leaving poor Dan alone in the garden, staring dumbly after them.

III

Dan did not see Marilynn until many weeks later. Each time he called, Mamma Caldwell delightedly informed him that "Lynn is out with dear Mr. Egbert," and Dan muttered wrathfully to himself, "Lord, these dumb women!"

At last one evening she was at home, so Dan went over.

The great change in the girl surprised and deeply disappointed him. He had evidently credited her with too much common-sense. Now, she seemed interested in none of the usual topics of conversation—in nothing he had to say. She talked only of Egbert, Egbert, Egbert—dinners—theatres—dances—night-clubs—and the "marvelous" presents he brought her.

Dan said nothing. In fact, there seemed to be nothing to say, and if there had been Dan was too downcast to say it. His head fairly whirled in the ceaseless chatter. So he sadly wended his way homeward, all the while meditating on poor deluded Marilynn. Eager Egbert the Flirt had employed his wiles to the utmost, and Marilynn had succumbed. Well if she intended to be that foolish—.

He was, therefore, much surprised to find her in the garden a few days later looking rather forlorn and downcast. Taking advantage of her unusual quietude he delivered the speech that he had previously prepared.

"Marilynn, why-in-the-world are you wasting your precious time on that half-witted numbskull, Van Dusen? I'm ashamed to think that a girl like you would so much as look at that big so-and-so! Don't, for heaven's sake, think that you're the One and Only for him, m'dear! As soon as he meets some other pretty lady, he'll drop you like a hot potato and go chasing hither and thither after the new flame! He's just plain flirt through and through. I only want to give you some good advice. I want you to wise up before that Smart-Alec lets you down with a dizzy jolt. Now, take my advice—."

"Dan Horton, you're jealous—a real trouble-maker! I can't let you talk that way about my friends," and she marched away defiantly. But somehow Dan felt that she was not as indignant as she might have been.

Strange to say, she telephoned him that evening to ask if he would come over. Her cousin, Eve L'Adore, the actress, had come down from New York. They could all go to the "Purple Pelican" to dance. Dan accepted reluctantly visualizing Eggy dancing indefinitely with Marilynn, while Dan stood patiently by, looking on. But his vision was truly a vision, for Eggy the Flirt, having once met Sophisticated Eve the Actress, monopolized her the entire evening and left Marilynn for Dan.

They danced for a time in silence and suddenly Marilynn spoke, "Dan, let's sit down. I want to talk to you." So they went to a table in a far corner and sat down. Dan lighted a cigarette and sat watching the dancers, waiting for the girl to begin.

After a little while she turned to him. "Dan, I've been thinking seriously for a long time, and finally I've come to a definite conclusion, Dan," with grim emphasis, "Dan, I just hate fawn-colored spats!"

"Yes," he said, "I know how it is." And he gave an understanding nod.

Again they were silent; but at last the boy arose. "Let's dance, Lynn." They glided out on the floor swaying to the lilting music, and suddenly Dan raised her hand to his lips and held it there.

Marilynn smiled up at him. "Dan, I'm going to take your advice for once—*all* the advice you've ever given me. And, Dan," a little shyly, "you're not a trouble-maker—you're a match-maker!"

J. K. '30.

Book Review Department

John Brown's Body

CHARLES VINCENT BENET

Small wonder that Stephen Vincent Benet was awarded a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation. *John Brown's Body* is the most essentially American work that I have ever been fortunate enough to read. It is really the first long poem which gives no reference whatsoever to the classic ages and their gods. Jupiter, Mars, and the rest receive no mention at all. It is as entirely American as the Aeneid is Roman. His great work is written in blank verse, but often he bursts from its band into lyric song. But, when the story becomes too intense for rhyme, he rushes back to his original verse, and the stream of the tale sweeps on, holding the reader fast in its grip.

It is an epic of the Civil War, telling of the people of the time as much as of the battles and campaigns. He uses full two-thirds of the book to tell of the way the war affected the Southern aristocrat, the New England Yankee, the Kentucky mountaineer, and the stolid Pennsylvania Dutchman. It is wonderful that a man should so enter the thoughts of both Northerner and Southerner.

There are many, many ways of looking at this great work, all equally important. Perhaps it should first be considered as one of the greatest bits of peace propaganda ever written. It sets forth war in such true colors, telling of the horror, the disillusionment, the filth, the wounds, the sickness, and the death, death in its most terrible forms. Indeed, purposely so written or not this book tells of war in such a way that it is impossible to believe that any possible good is worth the awful sacrifice of life.

Perhaps the second view should look at Mr. Benet's universality of vision. While dealing with the threat of war, he never forgets that things as important are being done elsewhere in the world. We see the wagon trains trailing west, we see steel being born in the cradle of Pittsburgh. A crazy mechanic fiddles with a contraption for lifting man through the air. A scientist looks through his microscope at a germ culture—and wonders. He even shows us the reaction to our war in Europe.

While reading, we look down on the farflung stage of the United States as from another planet. I have never read anything which so gave the impression of omniscience. But, then, everything in the poem is unusual.

It is so gigantically magnificent a masterpiece that one cannot treat of it justly in so short an essay as this. I could have easily taken all the space for drama alone, or the marvelous change of meter to suit mood and character. For example when he talks of barrel-chested Deifer, the Pennsylvania Dutchman, the meter plods along ox-like just as Jake does.

It is difficult to do justice to "John Brown's Body," for the book is out of the realm of ordinary speech. I find it necessary to use the superlative throughout this report. And even the superlative can't do Mr. Benet justice. This magnificence is one of the epic's appeals to the ordinary reader. The great test of a book is to meet the approval of the average man on the street. "John Brown's Body" meets this test.

C. M., '30.

Nickolas Nickleby

CHARLES DICKENS

I have read quite a few of Dickens' works and have formed a definite opinion of each. "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," and "The Old Curiosity Shop" are much too sad and gloomy to be enjoyable. "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Chimes" are light, quaint, little tales, interesting enough; but "The Christmas Carol" is so overdrawn and impossible! I cannot imagine such an evil old sinner as Scrooge suddenly reforming and becoming perfectly angelic because of a dream, nightmare or otherwise. Perhaps I am too critical and practical and should use my imagination, but I don't want to—I want realism. Most people do.

"Nickolas Nickleby," though, is different. I think that this book is Dickens' masterpiece. The plot is splendid, for, though common, it is so well built-up and interlaced with interesting episodes and startling incidents that it does not appear the least bit old or shabby. The characters are human, true to life, save for a few (such strange persons as Smike or Newman Noggs, for instance). For an example of reality we find poor Smike, unfortunate creature, bearing such a comical name. It is the representation of these queer beings that lends the touches of real humor to this story. It is not that Dickens had a passion for odd characters and names, but that he possessed a great sense of humor.

Then, too, Wackford Squeers and Sir Mulberry provide just the right amount of villainy to color a plot, and are, of course, defeated and overwhelmed as all bad villains should be. And I still continue and shall always continue to say that I like real true-to-life stories, in which one doesn't have to rely on his imagination.

JANE KUNKLE, '30.

The Haunted Bookshop

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

In choosing a book to read I more or less judge the book (whether I should like to read it) by the title. However, one is often fooled, and I was this time.

One opens the book to—the Haunted Bookshop and Roger Mifflin! Remember "Parnassus on Wheels?" The same Roger Mifflin with his chucklings and subtle remarks upon one thing and another! He even tells how he got into "Parnassus on Wheels," which certainly makes you feel that sometime, perhaps, there was a short, fat Roger Mifflin.

It seems to me that if a book character is realistic, one can get a lot more enjoyment out of it. In this book each character is lifelike:—Titania, the wealthy heroine so eager to learn the art of selling books; Helen Mifflin, careful and always on the lookout about the welfare of her absentminded husband; Aubrey Gilbert, the young advertising fiend, then Roger Mifflin, whimsical and bookloving with a charm all his own. Can't you just see them?

I believe I learned more about other books by reading this one book than I could have learned had I read each book mentioned, which would have been impossible. Then there is a love story, and a German plot, which suggests bombs,—in fact, a little bit of everything under the title "The Haunted Bookshop."

A. M., '30.

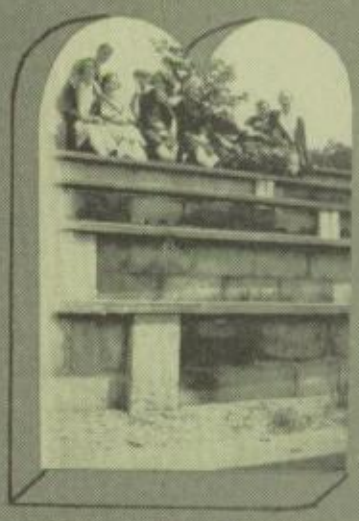
LOOK AND OBEY !

I THOU SHALT NOT MAKE EYES IN PUBLIC PLACES.

IV THOU SHALT STUDY MUCH THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG IN THE LAND WHICH THE BOARD GIVETH THEE.

VI THOU SHALT TIP THY HAT IN MOST CHEERFUL GREETING TO MR. CONDUCTOR.

II THOU SHALT NOT WALK ON THE GRASS.



VII THOU SHALT USE THE BLEACHERS DURING THE FOOTBALL GAMES LEST HAPLY THE PLAYERS TURN AND REND YOU.

V THOU SHALT ENTER BY THOUSANDS INTO THE SIDE DOOR; NEITHER SHALL ANY ENTER BY THE FRONT DOOR, FOR FRONT IS THE DOOR AND STRICT IS THE PATH THAT LEADETH TO SERIES.

III THOU SHALT NOT TAUNT THE TARDY BUZZER BY LAST MINUTE RIDES

VIII THOU SHALT NOT PLAY PEEK-A-BOO BEHIND THE SKIRTS OF FAIR MAIDENS.

Class History

PLAINTIFF:

If the court please, Gentlemen of the Jury, this case is brought against the Senior Class of Sewickley High School for the purpose of causing them to leave this institution. I will endeavor on behalf of the plaintiff to show why this should take place.

My learned adversary has advanced a multitude of reasons why the Class of 1929 should not graduate from this worthy institution of learning. He has stated that because of the great brilliance of the class the school would be unable to progress and also unable to sustain the high standard which it has attained during the term of their attendance. Has he considered that it is practically impossible for the lower classes to achieve any noteworthy honor or distinction as long as these exceptionally brilliant students remain here? Surely the class of 1929 is more generous than to jeopardize the success of all other classes merely by remaining in Sewickley High School and occupying space. Such selfishness would be unthinkable. Can any right-minded person contemplate such a prospect without loathing? I repeat, opportunities must be given to these under-classmen!

But, and this, my friends, is the saddest part, there is another aspect to the case of this glorious class; would that I might veil it in silence! But no! I shall be frank! There is a group, I regret to say, who, unmindful of their high position as leaders of thought, have succumbed to their baser instincts to such an extent that hitherto uninmaginable abominations as dorines and chewing gum have been discovered in our up-to-now untainted High School. Lest such defiling influences corrupt the morality of the pure and innocent minds of classes to come, I feel that this class should hide its shame and silently steal away.

My adversary has brought forth many of the glorious accomplishments of the Class of '29 and presented them as reasons why the class should remain in the High School. This is all very well, but permit me, my friends, to present that side of the class which he has, doubtless for reasons of his own, left in obscurity. Gentlemen of the Jury! It is your duty to base judgment on the whole truth, gentlemen, not a quarter, nor a half, but the whole truth, and disregarding the sneers and catcalls of those whose selfish interests would best be served by concealing it, I, my friends, will disclose that truth.

Is it fitting, gentlemen, is it proper that a class so forgetful of its dignity as to dash madly through the school on a vehicle, which I am informed is termed a kiddie-kar, should be permitted to remain in the High School? And yet, not only was this done in the class's sophomore year but it was veritably glorified in to the extent that even today those who are interested in knowing the truth may read in the 1927 Sewihi that "Johnny McElwain won the kiddie-kar race." A class which thus brazenly emblazons its shame in the annals of the school is unworthy of the school.

Again, we read in the Sewihi for 1926 an anecdote so revolting in the gross vulgarity of the acts it relates that I hesitate to withdraw it from obscurity. I refer to the time when the Class of 1929 in an orgy of disgusting guzzling drank so much water that the School Board was obliged to turn it off.

But enough of these repulsive tales. Sufficient has been told, I feel, to justify the plea that the Class of 1929 should no longer remain in Sewickley High School.

Class Prophecy

Justice Triumphs in High School Case!

Again the Sewickley Court of Common Pleas has demonstrated its freedom from prejudice! Once more Justice has triumphed over her enemies! The heart of every true American must swell with pride as he reads the appended sentences and realizes that crime does not go unpunished in our fair land. The court sentenced.

Louise Bentz to love, honor, and obey James Fickinger until death do them part.

Betty Bishop to wear an expression of child-like enthusiasm for the remainder of her natural life.

William Boggs to be superintendent of the Fair Oaks schools.

William Boyd to be the representative of Marchand's Golden Wash in Edgeworth.

Marie Brush to play the piano for the Gym Team at Duff's Iron City College.

Phoebe Campbell to establish the "Campbell Kennels for Amiable Airedales."

Ernest Cook to teach Spanish at the Pittsburgh Academy.

Stanley Cook to aid Arthur Murray to teach the "Cook Shuffle."

Al Czillinger to manufacture the "Czillinger Xylophone."

Frank Czillinger to manufacture the "Czillinger Zither."

Jane Doughty to inspire Glenn Kautz in his capacity as press agent for Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Helen Emmert to be Dean of Women at Sewickley High.

Dorothy Famous to manage the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

William Gray to take the title role in Mary Haley's famous play: "William the Silent."

Rosalia Hammer to be Girls' Basketball Coach at Curry College.

Margaret Hennessy to edit "Good Housekeeping."

Anthony Henrici to compile an anthology of the poetry of Afghanistan.

Arthur Hite to take Hoot Gibson's place at Hollywood.

Frank Hiteshew as the platinum-masked bass, to sing and play "Willie-the-Weeper" before the Crowned Heads of Europe.

Dorothy Jetter to lecture for the Anti-tobacco League.

Olive Johnson to be a travelling saleswoman for plumbing fixtures.

George Kuipers to do mob scenes in the talkies.

John Lutz to marry and have a scientific stock farm on Kilbuck Street.

Margaret Magee to be a field representative for the Comet Club.

Marie Maze to play stunt woman for Mildred in Western talkies.

James Allen McCracken to become flagpole sitting champion of Punxsatawny, being too lazy to climb down.

John McElwain to play the leading juvenile in Our Gang Comedies.

Sherman McPherson to be a Federal Dry Agent.

Ross Mechlin to become a protege of Fritz Kriesler.

Charlotte Merz to be a tightrope walker in Johnson's Circus and Wild West Show combined.

Marjorie Anne Moorhead to be Personality Girl at the Roxy Theater, New York.

Louise Neely to sign testimonials for Spratt's Dog Biscuit which she feeds to her charge, B. Nevin, who is doubling for Rin Tin Tin in the "Talkies."

Marie Steup to design cheap and artistic dresses to be worn in place of grass skirts by the Fiji Island spinsters.

Mildred Ohlman to be Women's Customs' Inspector at Ellis Island.

Betty Pollinger to be Conductor on a Cook's Tour.

James Reno to be Hook Manipulator on Amateur Night at the Ambridge Theater.

Virginia Richardson to be the prettiest hat check girl at John Rosenfeld's Night Club.

Anna Sickeler to be the Rhythm Girl in Paul Whiteman's Orchestra.

Mildred Smith to become the proud proprietor of a famous dancing school.

Ella Stewart to sell kisses at charity bazaars.

Ethel Vinall to serve as Secretary of Labor in President Martha Watson's cabinet.

Nancy Walters to spread propaganda for the Mormon religion.

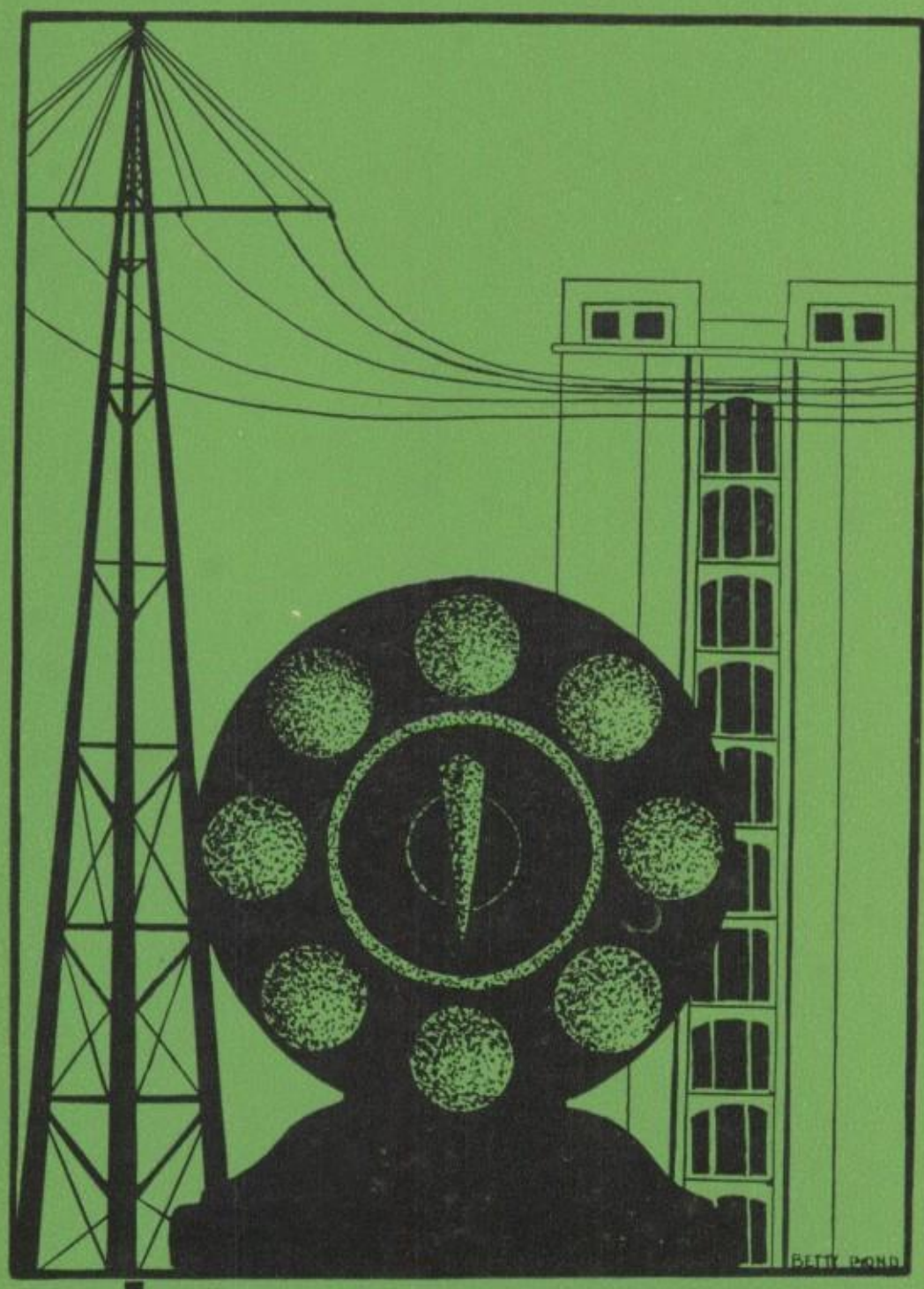
Nancy Watson to found a "Compulsory Raisin Eating League."

Fantasy

Where
I sit I can
Hear the lawn-
mower
Going clip-clip-clip-clip
-clip
-clip-clip
it
Sounds to me like
a
Flock of sparrows clearing
Their throats.
Or
Maybe a 1910 Ford with
a defective
Spark
Plug
I wish that man would go
By
Yelling, strawberries.

Sonnet—After Mrs. Browning

Why do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee for thy wistful blue-green eyes
In which such true and constant friendship lies
That makes me wish that I deserved that gaze.
I love thee for thy childish mouth that says
Such sweet things that I shall forever prize.
I love thee for thy tender heart that cries
At fate's unkindness and at bitter days.
I love thee for thy woman's vanity;
Thy pretty girlish ways; thy air of pride
I've loved thee since the day that I first saw
Thy charming, slow, sweet smile for me abide;
Its tenderness overcame my heart with awe.
I could have loved thee less if I had died.



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And we hope you will successfully attain those other goals ahead and uphold the fine reputation which is a cherished tradition of Sewickley High School.

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The Class of 1929—

Goes into the world to make its own way. The earlier you begin to save for your future, the greater will that future be. And experts agree that one of the first steps in a plan of saving is a well advised life insurance program. May I help you plan it?

EDWARD W. WOODS

CHARTERED LIFE UNDERWRITER

Frick Building, Pittsburgh **404 Maple Lane, Edgeworth**

Two knights of the road were walking along the railroad tracks and found a bottle of white mule. One took a drink and passed it to the other, and so forth until the bottle was empty.

After a while one puffed out his chest and said, "You know, Bill, tomorrow I'm going to buy this railroad. I'm going to buy all the railroads in the country, all the automobiles, all the steamships—everything. What do you think of that?"

Bill looked at his companion despairingly and replied, "Impossible, can't do it."

"Why not?"

"I won't sell!"

Speed Cop—I'll have to give you a ticket. You hit over 60.
Motorist—Gosh, I didn't think I hit that many.

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GIFTS FOR EVERY OCCASION

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China — Glass — Pottery — Lamps and Shades

"Hist, Romulus, shall we go to the fire sale?"
"Nay, nay, Arcturus; I have no wish to buy a fire."

—Pitt Panther.

Thith one—"Do you believe in heredity?"
Thath one—"Absolutely; that's how I got all my money."

The absent-minded professor who kissed the door and slammed his wife as he went out.

Friend (to Miss Koehler, who became seasick): Is there anything I can do for you?"

Miss Koehler (confidentially): You might get me a small island.

—Old Maid.

The First National Bank of Sewickley, Pa.

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(The Oldest Bank in the Sewickley Valley)

ANDERSON AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

Buick

Employer, interviewing applicant: Did you get good marks?
Applicant: Faith, exceedingly good.
Employer: Teacher's pet?
Applicant: Confidentially, correct, noble sir. Most of them.
Employer: Ha, ha! And how much salary do you expect?
Applicant: It striketh me I could survive on eighty-five shekels a week.
Employer: Ha, ha, ha!

Old Lady: Is that bottle the only consolation you have in this world?
Disconsolate and Inebriated Student: No, ma'am, I have another in my pocket.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

ROBERT KLEINDIENST

The Sewickley Valley Young Men's Christian Association

EXTENDS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1929

HEARTY CONGRATS and BEST WISHES

May this year mark the beginning of a new experience which shall lead you to a genuine appreciation of the real issue of Life. As a young man, Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in FAVOR with GOD and MAN.

Voice in Next Room: Johnny, are you teaching that parrot to swear?
Johnny: No, ma'am; I'm just telling him what not to say.
—Colgate Banter.

So—"The poor fish looks kinda musical."
So So: "Yep. Perhaps a piano tuna."—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

Teller—"Hey, there, feller! What you all runnin' for?"
Feller—"I's gwine to stop a fight."
Teller—"Who's all fightin'?"
Feller—"Jes' me and another feller."—Wet Hen.

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Up to date living rooms now have concrete floors. The cocktails used to burn holes in the old kind.

"She's a man hater."
"Yeah?"
"Hates to be without 'em!"—Temple Owl.

Teacher—There's a student in this class who's making a fool of himself. When he's finished I'll commence.

Advertising pays in the long run. Look how grape fruit has got into the public eye.

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"Why did you divorce your husband?"
"Incompatibility."
"Incompatibility?"
"Yes. He always got sleepy about two a. m. and wanted to go home."

George K.—"How do you like this new lighter?"
Funny—"Pretty well; how many cigarettes do you get on a gallon?"

Cracker—"Hear about poor Bill?"
Jimmy—"No—what happened?"
Cracker—"Why, his heart was giving him trouble, so he went to the doctor to have it stopped."—Lehigh Burr.

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Mother: My son is in capable hands.
Neighbor: Don't you mean arms?—Cornell Widow.

"That," said the nut, "is a picture of the Isarelites being pursued through the Red Sea."

"Where is the sea?"

"Why, that's rolled back to allow the Israelites to pass."

"Where are the Israelites?"

"They've just gone by."

"Then where are their pursuers?"

"Oh, they'll be along in a minute."

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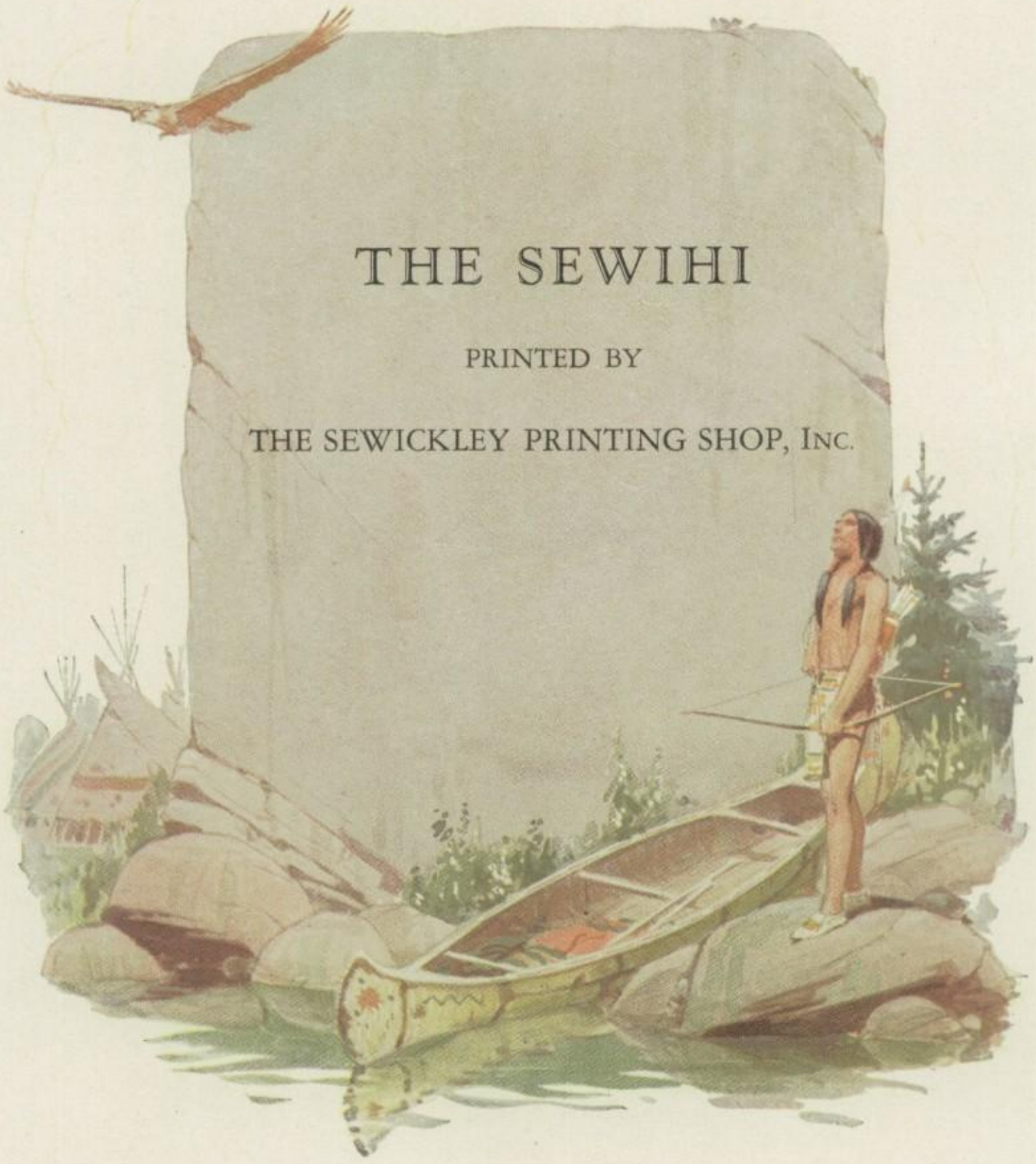

THE SEWIHI

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THE SEWICKLEY PRINTING SHOP, INC.

JAMES M. SCOTT

CONTRACTOR

415 Centennial Avenue Sewickley 443

Beneath this stone sleeps Howard Raines,
Ice on the hill, tires without chains.

Grandmother: The cow says "Moo," the sheep says "Baa."
Modern Child: What kind of a noise does an armadillo make?

—Yale Record.

Passenger: Have I time to say goodbye to my wife?
Conductor: I don't know, sir; how long have you been married?

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

Mi—"I take aspirin to clear my head."
Fa—"Oh, I see—a sort of vacuum cleaner."—Drexerd.

THE BANDBOX

SEWICKLEY, PENNA.

JOHN M. HERBST

BATTERY AND TIRE SERVICE

410 Walnut Street Sewickley 305

"Say, who do you think you're pushing?"
"How many guesses do I get?"—Penn. State.

The trouble with some students is that they write things down in their minds and then lose their heads.—Green Goat.

Englishman (about to walk the plank): Really—I've just eaten; I cawn't go in the watah now.

'29: What are you looking for?
'30: A nickel.
'29: When did you lose it?
'30: Who said anything about losing anything? I'm just looking for one.

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An Efficiency Expert: the guy who sprinkles flea powder on his hot dogs.

Parting advice: Put a little water on the comb!

"M'friend, I want a room on the shecond floor."

"But you're Mr. Brown, aren't you? We have you registered as occupying Room 608."

"Thash perfectly correct, ol' boy; but I jush fell out of it."

—Columbia Jester.

Teacher—Herman, I think I'll keep you after school.
Beck—It won't do you no good, I'm a woman hater.

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"What's the difference between the North and the South Pole?"
"All the difference in the world."—Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Man in Dentist's Chair: Whew, my head aches terribly.
Dentist (absently): Yes, yes, I'll fill it in just a moment—Ghost.

Abie: Papa, vat is science?
Abie's Papa: My, how could you be so dumb! Science is does things vat says, "No Smoking."—Orange Peel.

To those who talk and talk
This adage should appeal;
The steam that blows the whistle
Never turns the wheel.
—Rice Owl.

PACKARD

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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If she talks too long—Interrupter.
If she picks your pockets—Detector.
If she will meet you half way—Receiver.
If she gets too excited—Controller.
If she goes up in the air—Condenser.
If she wants chocolates—Feeder.
If she is out of town—Telegrahper.
If she is a poor cook—Discharger.
If she is wrong—Rectifier.
If she gossips too much—Regulator.

Bobby H. (on phone): Will you please put Jane on the wire?
Jane's Father: Whatd'ya think my daughter is—a tight rope walker?

Here lies the body of Walter Rye
Who died maintaining his right of way.
—Boston Transcript.

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Salesman (at motor show)—"This is the type of car that pays for itself, sir."

Mr. Thome—"Well, as soon as it has done that you can have it delivered at my garage."

"How much gas do we have, Algernon?"

"Egad, Koozma, it points to one-half, but whether the bally thing means half full or half empty, I don't know."—Rice Owl.

We overheard two small children in boastful conversation the other day.

"My father," said the first, has electricity in his hair."

"That ain't nothin'" came back the second. "My old man's got gas in his stomach."—Blue Gator.

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"Oh, Mr. Lamont, you have egg spilled all over the front of your coat."
"That's all right, I look well in anything I eat."—West Point Pointer.

Elmer, 13, was puzzled over the girl problem and discussed it with his pal, Joe.

"I've walked to school with her three times," he told Joe, "and carried her books. I bought her ice cream sodas twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?"

"Naw, you don't need to," Joe decided, after a moment of deep thought. "You've done enough for that girl already."

COMPLIMENTS OF

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He—May I see you tonight at 8 o'clock.
She—I'm sorry, I'm going to be married at 8 o'clock, but I'll see you at 9:30.

Medium—I've tried all over heaven and I can't seem to locate your wife.
Husband—Did you look in the kitchen?

Limb of the Law—"Yer pinched for speeding!"
Sweet Young Thing—"Why, officer, you can't arrest me. This isn't my car, and I haven't any operator's license."

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Wonders of Nature—The fellow who was so tough he used sandpaper on his goose pimples.

I'd surely like to smack the clown
Who insists on shouting, "I faw down."

Down in the creek sleeps Jerry Bass,
The bridge was narrow and he tried to pass.
Wilkes-Barre Times Leader.

Yesterday's Tight-wad—The fellow who tried to play the Congressional Record on his phonograph.

CHARLES F. BECKER

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Mr. Winne's wife was having her hair cut while Mr. Winne drowsily sat waiting his turn in the barber chair. The wife was having a little discussion with the barber about the style of cut.

"Now, how would you like a clip on the neck and a bang over the eye?" asked the chirotonsor.

"Hey," yelled our physical director, coming out of a doze, "how'd you like a sock on the beezer?"

An X-ray is a machine that a doctor uses for getting inside information.

America leads the world in speed.
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RECENT FICTION :--: DETECTIVE STORIES

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Teacher: "Give me a historical example of inappropriate action."
Bright Pupil: "When Rome was burning Nero played the fiddle when he should have been playing the hose."—American Boy.

Ponderous Uncle: "My boy, it will pay you to be diligent in your studies. Remember, what you have learned no one can ever take from you."
Small Nephew: "Well, they can't take from me what I haven't learned, either, can they?"

Undertaker: Come, come, where is the sixth pallbearer?
The Minister: Pardon, sir, he's proposing to the widow.
—Cornell Widow.

JOE LOBELLO

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Killers used to carve nicks in the handle of their guns. Nowadays they cut notches in the steering wheel.

He—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

She—It's lucky for you they did, for the immigration laws are much stricter now.

Tightwad (after purchasing newspaper): See here, boy, what's all this you're yelling about—"Big swindle; 160 victims?" I don't see anything about it in this paper.

Newsboy: Hey, read all about the big swindle; 161 victims!

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COMPLIMENTS OF

REIBERT ICE COMPANY

Sewickley 132

Him: Men of my type are not running loose.
Her: Of course not, that is what the police department is for.

—Green Goat.

Her: Well, how did you find the orchestra?
Him: Paul Whiteman stepped aside and there it was.

Old Block: When I was a little boy your age, I didn't tell lies.
Chip: How old were you when you started, Pop?

—Annapolis Log.

Sewickley Plumbing and Heating Co.

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Quality — Service

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MILLINERY

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Hostess—Please, sing something for us.
Tenor—It is nearly twelve; I might disturb the neighbors.
Hostess—I hardly think so, and I really don't care anyhow. They poisoned our dog last week.—Dr. Miles Joke Book.

Mr. Lewis—I'd go through Hades for my wife.
Mr. Pollock—That's nothing; I've gone through it with mine.

"I'd like to see some shirts for my husband. Soft one's please, the doctor has forbidden anything starchy."—Los Angeles Herald.

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"I have a suit for every day of the week."
"Let's see them."
"This is it."

Indignant Farmer: Say, look here, yer ain't getting as much milk from them cows as y'uster.

Hired Man: Nope, sorter lost my pull.

"Do fish perspire?"
"Of course, nut. Whadda you think makes the sea so salty?"

JOHN HUGHES CO, INC.

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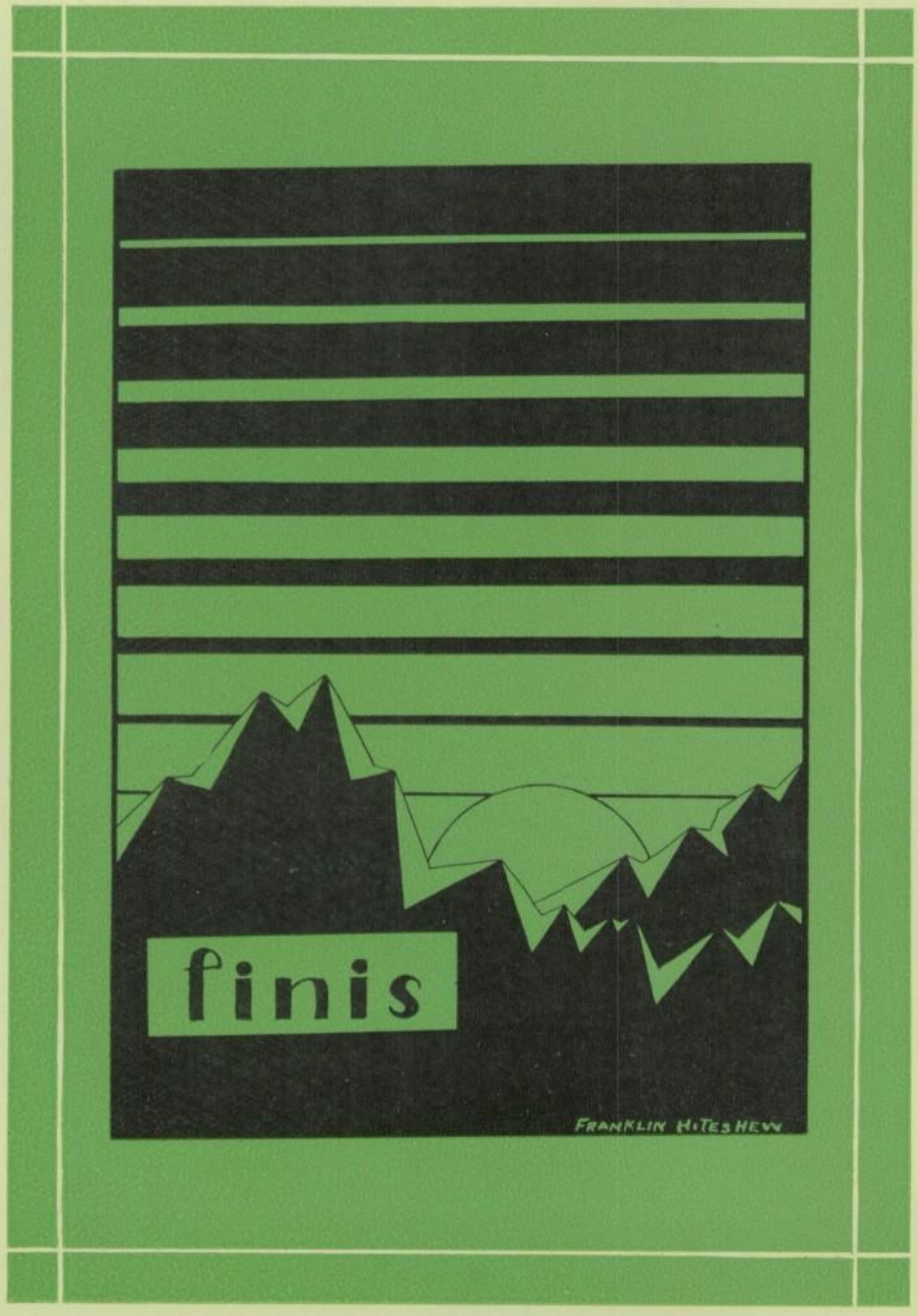
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